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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

The Week.

Monday's Manila dispatches bore the heading, "First uncensored news by cable since the American occupation." The news itself is what might have been expected—a recrudescence of the insurrection so serious as to call for a general forward movement by our army of occupation. It should not be forgotten, however, that Gen. MacArthur had already begun truth-telling before the removal of the censorship. The full text of his annual report, while very naïve in its philosophical excursions, in its statement of facts shows a soldierly directness most unlike anything we ever had from Gen. Otis. Unlike the latter, Gen. MacArthur does not prophesy smooth things. He admits that the islands are practically a unit against us, and scouts, almost in the words of the Anti-Imperialist press, the idea that fear is a motive "sufficient to account for the united and apparently spontaneous action of several millions of people."

Perhaps the most striking feature of Gen. MacArthur's report is his distinction between the ladrones and the insurgents. These two classes have been so persistently identified by the Administration press that the belief has become general that the Filipino patriots are brigands, and that Gov. Roosevelt's "Apaches" was only a characteristic exaggeration of the facts. Gen. MacArthur has no patience with this *suppressio veri*. He is too good a soldier to vilify his enemy, and, in fact, his report morally accords the belligerent rights to the Filipinos which his predecessor and the Taft Commission have persistently denied them. He says that while "the bands of insurgent guerrillas are not soldiers in the true sense of the word, it is a mistake to classify them as ladrones or armed robbers." The latter are outlaws, pure and simple, and have preyed as well on the insurgents as on the peaceful natives. "As soon as the insurgent soldier is eliminated from the problem," he continues, "the extirpation of robbers from the highways will, it is believed, be easily and quickly accomplished." It is hoped that former insurgent leaders may cooperate in this extirpation, but it is observed as well that "Filipino officers at present available for this employment are reluctant to undertake the task, as long as there is any possibility of collision with flying columns of Gen. Aguinaldo's forces." "General," "flying columns," "forces"—"I thank thee for these words" might well be the heartfelt cry of a harassed leader of his people, used to misrepresentation and vilification such as this nation has never before hurled at a weak foe.

Now that the election is over, there begins to appear a general desire for facts about the Philippines. For two years we have occupied the islands; two special commissions have reported, with several generals; Mr. McKinley has told all the truth that was good for us in our preëlection condition, and yet there is an uneasy suspicion that we have all along lacked facts. But the election is over, that queasy condition of the public digestion to which facts are abhorrent has given place to relative health, and the public is ready for its dose. The sharpened appetite for Philippine facts has first appeared near Boston. A committee, chiefly composed of friends and well-wishers of the Administration, has been formed to solicit all the facts from the President and to present an exemplary selection therefrom to the public. They seek light *ex occidente*. It is in this spirit that the historian, Prof. A. B. Hart of Harvard University, goes to Washington asking Mr. McKinley for the full text of documents that have been published only in part—in short, for facts in lieu of the voluminous official statements of the past two years. He comes with the appetite for facts which an historian may be presumed to have after a two years' fast. Can the President find it in his heart to give him a stone—or another report of a Commission?

Hawaiian election returns are just in, and show that the ungrateful natives stood together and outvoted their white deliverers. Not only did they elect their delegate to Congress, but carried the Hawaiian Legislature as well, so that nothing but Gov. Dole's veto will now prevent the frightful evil of a government of Hawaii by Hawaiians. No wonder that the beaten whites promptly declare that the natives have shown themselves "unfit for the suffrage," and that Congress must immediately intervene to take it away from them. Self-government, new style, means a docile readiness to let the minority exploit the majority; and if the silly majority object, why, they must not be allowed to vote at all. This unhappy outcome in Hawaii was foreseen by the white oligarchs, who protested, from the first, against manhood suffrage as probably fatal to their snug little monopoly of government at Honolulu. Now that their worst fears are realized, they will move on Washington to get their privileges and immunities restored by law.

The burning at the stake on Friday of a negro murderer in Colorado was attended by circumstances of deliberate ferocity, which make it the most fiendish thing of its kind ever known in a Northern State. Indians could not have gone more callously to the torturing of a victim. The ordinary excuses do not serve in this case. There is no race question in Colorado. It cannot be said there that fearful torments must be meted out to all negro criminals in order to make the lives of whites secure. Nor was it a question of a howling mob driven to sudden and uncontrollable frenzy. A week had passed since the crime. Preparations to lynch the guilty man were made with all the deliberation of the public meeting. The form of agony by which the wretched man should be put to death was decided by a kind of popular vote. Telegraph operators were notified, and photographers advised to be ready for "snap shots" of the dying struggles. Then the prisoner was taken from the Sheriff, with every sign of prearrangement if not collusion, and the "most respectable" people of the neighborhood stood about while a fellow-being was tortured to death. Such an outrage on law, on humanity, on the fundamentals of civilization, was never before, we think, perpetrated in a Northern State. Colorado has, indeed, abolished capital punishment, and this may be urged in palliation, but in any case the planned and revolting cruelty of this lynching puts it in a class by itself. The North has now surpassed the bloody instructions of the South.

The most prosperous year ever enjoyed by American shipping interests is reported by the Commissioner of Navigation. For the first time since the outbreak of the Civil War, the documented tonnage of the United States exceeds 5,000,000 gross tons. It increased more than 300,000 tons last year. Moreover, the new vessels are made to an increasing extent in our own yards. In 1890, only 20 per cent. of the world's shipping was of steel; now the percentage is three times as great. As to the manufacture of steel, the position of this country is now well known. Steel can be produced and wrought here more cheaply than anywhere else in the world. As the Commissioner observes, "Steel has radically changed the industrial organization of the world's shipbuilding and ship-owning. It requires expensive machinery, great capital, and the employment of large numbers of specially trained mechanics." These requirements are met in this country. No one, least of all an officer of the Administration, will question

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the ability of our mechanics to do successfully any work that is assigned to them. No one can dispute the existence of an immense capital in this country, ready for any use. It is borrowed by the nations and even the municipalities of Europe, and no enterprise here that can be carried on with profit need be hampered for lack of funds. There seems, then, no reason why ships should not be built and owned here at a profit. We have the steel; we have the skilled labor; we can make, if we have not now, the best of machinery; we have the money to own and operate these vessels when completed; we have the coal to move them; we have the goods to freight them withal.

From this impressive array of facts and arguments, the proper inference would seem to be that the shipping industry needs no aid from the taxpayers. The citizens engaged in it are likely to make as large profits as those engaged in any other business. In fact, on August 15 of this year, 68 merchant steel vessels, aggregating 278,000 tons, and 47 naval vessels of 113,000 tons, were building or contracted for. Contracts since that date bring the merchant tonnage up to 350,000 tons, so that the current year will see much the largest amount of steel ship-building ever known in our history. The Commissioner of Navigation declares that in the United States "the conditions have now been established: abundance of capital, cheap materials, practical experience, constructive talent, and skilled labor"; all that is lacking is a system of bounties to be paid by the people to those who take advantage of these conditions. No more unreasonable conclusion than this was ever drawn. If the ship-building industry were an "infant," something might be said in favor of administering governmental pap. If we had to import our steel and send abroad for our machinery; if we borrowed money in Europe instead of lending it there, and our mechanics were dull and untrained; then, indeed, some plausible claim for a bounty might be made. With conditions as they are, it appears to be altogether unjustifiable, and it will be generally regarded as a deliberate present to a few rich men of a number of millions of dollars taken by the tax-gatherers from the pockets of the people. The Commissioner of Navigation occupies a humiliating position when he tries to show that ship-building cannot be profitably carried on in this country, and he carries his argument to an absurd extent by winding up with a proposal to increase the tonnage taxes.

Arbitration was discussed by a number of witnesses before the Industrial Commission in Washington on Thursday, and some interesting things were said. The feasibility of establishing a national Board of Arbitration was suggested, but Martin Fox, President of the Iron Moulders' Union, declared himself emphatically opposed to any element of compulsion in such arbitration. He favored conciliation and arbitration. Other witnesses favored arbitration before State Boards, but they, too, opposed compulsory arbitration. The proposition for a National Board of Arbitration takes most definite form in a recent suggestion by Herman Justi, Commissioner of the Illinois Coal Operators' Association, that employees in every great industry form an association and elect commissioners, to whom all questions arising within their industry shall be referred. Such an organization and such a commission, as we have noted, already exists among Illinois coal operators for negotiating with miners through their union, and the proposed National Board of Arbitration would be made up of these commissions and of representatives of labor organizations in different branches of industry. The idea is that there might be referred to such a board the more fundamental questions involved in such labor disputes as the St. Louis railway strike, the builders' and contractors' lockout in Chicago, and the miners' strike in the anthracite coal region; and that it could bring to bear upon every question a fund of general and special knowledge which would enable the members to get at the real causes of trouble and to deal with those causes scientifically. It will be noticed that the organization would be voluntary on the part of both employers and employees, and the national Government would have no responsibility in the matter. It would be interesting to see such an experiment tried.

Platt appears to have heard some faint echoes of the great racket produced throughout the State by his announcement that he was going to have a State Constabulary Law passed by his Legislature and signed by his Governor. There was a significant change of tone in his remarks to a reporter of the *Evening Post* on Friday from his uncompromising declaration of the day before, that the bill "will be passed"—the bill, that is, which everybody has been talking about all the while. Now he says that the measure which it is proposed to introduce at Albany has not yet been drafted, and adds: "The bill that the newspapers are talking about is an old Constabulary Bill. It would be just as well for the newspapers to wait until they see the new bill and learn its terms before they condemn it." One reason for this significant change is doubtless the evidence which has come to public notice that there is a tremendous revolt against the machine scheme in all parts of the State, and that many shrewd Republicans believe that the enactment of the proposed law would assure the victory of Tammany in the city and of Democracy in the State at the next election. Another influence which may already be at work is the proof, which a little investigation brings to light, that many Republican Senators and Assemblymen resent the cool assumption of the boss that they are nothing but his tools, and the growing suspicion that there may prove to be enough independence in the Legislature to make trouble for Platt.

Bishop Potter's letter to the Mayor is the most authoritative statement as to the disgraceful conditions of government which prevail in New York city under Tammany rule that has yet appeared. Such an indictment of the administration of the laws in the metropolis of a civilized commonwealth was never before drawn. Think of its being possible for an eminent representative of the Church in a great city to say with truth, and with public knowledge of their truth, such things as these to the head of the civil government:

> "The thing that is of consequence, sir, is that when a minister of religion and a resident in a particular neighborhood, whose calling and character, experience, and truthfulness, are all alike widely and abundantly recognized, goes to the headquarters of the police in his district to appeal to them for the protection of the young, the innocent, and the defenceless, against the leprous harpies who are hired as runners and touters for the lowest and most infamous dens of vice, he is met not only with contempt and derision, but with the coarsest insult and obloquy."

The Bishop declares his belief that in no other civilized or Christian community on earth does there exist such a situation as "defiles and dishonors" New York to-day. It deepens our shame that this burning disgrace must be published to the world; that the dreadful facts are thrust upon the attention of all in other countries who are studying the experiment of democratic government in America. But publicity is, of course, the only way of escape. The people of the city must be aroused to a realizing sense of the horrible situation. The public mind must be stirred to its depths, and a sentiment must be developed which will demand reform with a force that cannot be resisted. It is most distasteful work for any good citizen, and especially repulsive to a clergyman, but it is work that has got to be done, and the Church has its large share in the matter. Bishop Potter has rendered the community an immense service in thus taking the lead.

The scene enacted in Tammany Hall last Thursday, in which Mr. Isidor Straus and Richard Croker took the principal parts, will impress the public mind in more than one way. Mr. Straus represented in this instance a society that is trying to teach the poorer classes, and especially the young, the lesson of

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good citizenship, so that they shall feel the full responsibility resting upon them as a part of the American commonwealth. In the promotion of this object he and those associated with him have expended more than $65,000 of their own money in a single year, besides giving their own time and labor. They found exactly what the Rev. Mr. Paddock found while laboring among the same classes—that certain depraving influences were working in the contrary sense, sowing tares while they were sowing wheat. "I refer," said Mr. Straus, "to the immorality in tenement houses and the immorality in the streets; the manner in which the boys and girls are threatened with the temptations held out to them on every side. We realize that, no matter how strong our influence may be, if the children are destroyed before they come to us, our whole work is destroyed." Naturally so. Naturally, too, Mr. Straus mentioned the matter to Richard Croker when he met him, just as Marcus Cicero might have mentioned to Julius Cæsar any abuse he was cognizant of in old Rome, instead of bringing it before the consuls and the Senate. He would bring the matter before the head man who was out of office, instead of the underlings who were in office, in order to save time and avoid waste of energy. Croker took in the situation. "Come to Tammany Hall," he said. "See the Executive Committee. Give them as good a lecture as you have given me." He did not say: "Come with me to the Mayor, or go to the Board of Police." He acknowledged tacitly as to the Government of New York, *c'est moi*.

Lord Salisbury's new Cabinet is now complete, and it is evidently his own handiwork. The predicted dominance of Mr. Chamberlain does not appear in the personnel of the new Government. Some spiteful opponents are remarking on the number of the Premier's nephews and other relatives who figure in the Cabinet; but Salisbury would doubtless say that he has simply followed Conservative precedent in turning to the great governing families, and if the Cecils are among them, it is not for him to pass by a great house simply because he is the head of it. The Marquis of Lansdowne no doubt owes his elevation to the Foreign Office to his being a "grand seigneur." That he has, besides, marked qualifications for the position, is unquestionable. He is one of the very few Englishmen in public life who speak idiomatic French. His courtesy and amiability are expected to furnish the needed counterpoise to Mr. Chamberlain's brusque manners and blunt speech in the Colonial Office. Indeed, his appointment to his delicate post is felt to be Salisbury's way of rebuking Chamberlain's liking for the "new diplomacy"—the kind, that is, which blurts out threats and complaints against the Government with which you profess to be trying to reach a friendly understanding. All this seems to be now better understood by the English press, which has modified its first bitter criticism of Salisbury's action in promoting an unpopular Minister of War. The London *Times*, while recalling none of its strictures upon Lord Lansdowne, admits that he was a hard-working official, and adds the delicious remark, "Had the war not broken out, he would have easily ranked as the best War Minister of recent times." This may be intended for an ironical adaptation of the *nisi imperasset* used of the Roman Emperor. It recalls the high encomium of a war correspondent on an English General: "He is a splendid General when there is no enemy to upset his calculations."

It is a rather important fact that Emperor William thought it necessary to apologize for incurring large expense in sending an expedition to China without summoning the Reichstag and securing its assent beforehand. The Constitution of the Empire requires the sanction of that body for all war expenditures and for the sending of troops out of the country. No such assent was given, or even sought by the Emperor. He not only made war and incurred debt on his own sole responsibility, but he made undignified and gloomy speeches which agitated the European world, and made his own subjects apprehensive that he was losing his wits. He has lost prestige at home and has awakened fears abroad. Of course, the Reichstag will sanction the steps he has taken because they are irrevocable, but the sanction ought to be accompanied by an explicit declaration that it is not to be taken in the light of a precedent for the future. The Reichstag represents the nation, whose civil liberty resides there, and it has none that it can afford to lose. A tyrant usually begins by helping himself to the public treasure, and if the representatives of the people make no objection, even the formality of an apology will presently be omitted.

Chancellor von Bülow's statement in the Reichstag on Monday was an official confirmation of the press reports concerning the terms which the Powers have determined to impose on China. The only new item is one proposing to compel the Chinese Government to make "such changes in existing treaties regarding trade and navigation *as the foreign Governments deem advisable*." This is but one step more in the extinction of Chinese sovereignty. Together with the other extreme demands—for an indemnity which may be made elastic enough to ruin Chinese finance; for the razing of forts and the prohibition of the purchase and importation of war material; for the execution of princes and officials whose beheading would practically destroy the Chinese throne—it amounts to an exaction of impossibilities. If they are insisted upon, it will be of no use for the Powers to say that they desire to avoid a conquest of China. They are already treating the Chinese Empire as if it were a derelict, of which they are entitled to take full possession. We cannot help feeling that this throws an inevitable air of hypocrisy over the whole negotiation. What the Powers profess is a sincere desire to restore peace at the earliest possible moment; to hasten the recuperation of Chinese industry and commerce; and, above all, to prevent the recurrence of the outrages which took the civilized world by surprise. The prompting of elementary wisdom, then, would seem to prescribe, as Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu argues in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, avoidance of "the very errors of conduct which brought on the explosions." It was undue foreign aggression which caused them; therefore, to prevent their return, make foreign aggression more overweening and exasperating than ever!

It is worthy of note that the King of the Belgians could sign, as he did a few days ago while on a sojourn at the Paris Exposition, a decree providing Government pensions for workingmen, without occasioning any considerable comment. In any other country than Belgium, the proposition to pay to all workingmen sixty-five years of age life pensions of 65 francs ($13) a year, could hardly be taken as so much a matter of course, but Socialism has been for years powerfully influencing Belgian legislation. The royal decree takes effect on January 1, 1901, when workingmen sixty-five years of age, and in need of such assistance, will come immediately into the enjoyment of their annuity. Those fifty-eight years of age on that date will have the same privilege at the expiration of their sixty-fifth year. All others, however, as a condition of drawing a pension, must have paid into the public bureau of pensions, during a period of three years, not less than 3 francs a year, and a total amount of 18 francs. To this extent in its ultimate operation the Belgian scheme is a sort of workingmen's insurance. The terms on which the annuities are granted, however, make it obviously a pensioning, rather than an insurance of workingmen. A bill has recently been introduced into the Chamber of Deputies in France, providing for compulsory insurance of workingmen. It is proposed that the expense of this insurance shall be divided between employer and employee, the employee paying a certain per cent. of his wages, and his employer contributing an equal amount. When these amounts combined, however, fall below a given sum, the Government is to make up the deficit with a subsidy.

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WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.

Capt. Mahan's address before the Church Congress on "War from the Christian Point of View" seems to have been a pendant to his paper, a year ago, against international arbitration. In that he took the highest moral and religious ground against agreeing to arbitrate a quarrel which conscience and the voice of God itself might demand that you should pursue to the bitter end. At Providence he appears to have risen to a similar moral grandeur in classing war, not as an evil (sometimes a necessary evil, as nearly all admit), but as remedial of evil—in short, a great engine of civilization and of Christianity. We would not do Capt. Mahan the possible injustice of holding him to newspaper accounts of what he said; but it is clear that the thing he attacked was a sentiment which he evidently considers mistaken and deplorable, namely, the "widespread feeling that war cannot be reconciled with Christian principles." In other words, he was only, like John P. Robinson, confuting a vulgar error:

"We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee."

With Christian apologists for war we have long been familiar. But none to our knowledge have ever before gone beyond saying that "there are some things worse than war"; that we cannot be for peace at any price, and other "inarticulate mumblements" of the sort, as Carlyle would call them. War as a blessing, instead of an evil occasionally to be tolerated; war as a means of overcoming evil and propagating righteousness; war as the indispensable ally and servant of civilization and religion—for this we have had to wait till an end-of-the-century church congress. It seems to mark the end of other things besides the century. Are not our embattled clergymen coming dangerously near justifying Shelley's bitter taunt that war is "the priest's delight"?

The defence of war, thus passing into its apotheosis, reminds one vividly of the defence of slavery, finally running into its glorification. We all know how slavery was, at first, a temporary and passing evil; then a peculiar institution, only indirectly and obscurely condemned in the Bible; finally a divinely ordered thing, best for the slave, best for the master, best for society. From shamefaced apology, the Southern Senators gradually emerged into open laudation. By 1860 they proudly raised their heads in Washington to declare that "slavery is a great moral, social, and political blessing," that its "frame of society is the best in the world," and that it is "ennobling to both races, the white and the black." (The quotations are verbatim from speeches cited in Sumner's Life.) We see what example Capt. Mahan is following. He is undertaking to Christianize war as the slaveholders did slavery. Slavery was not made less hideous in the process; nor can war be. It is only Christianity that suffers from such arguments.

We are aware that Capt. Mahan draws an ideal picture of war. It must be always "just"; and those engaging in it must all be Galahads. But we know that, in fact, this is pure fancy. There never was such a war, there never will be such an army, as Capt. Mahan supposes. Let him come out of his study and ask men or nations why they fight. There is but one answer: they fight because they hate. This is what the philosopher says; it is also what the child says. Goethe was reproached for not taking part in the war against France—a just war for Germans, if there ever was one. His defence was that he did not hate the French, so why should he fight them? Fighting, said that great clear intellect, depends upon hating. If hate, then, is the soul of war, we see that the subject of Capt. Mahan's paper should have been, "Hate from a Christian Point of View." What the clergy and others who followed in the discussion should have talked about was "Malice and the Sermon on the Mount," or "Bloodshed and the Beatitudes."

Capt. Mahan admitted that the Prince of Peace is credited with many sayings which really look as if he was "agin war and pillage"; but he met the theologians on their own ground, and showed how a little skilful exegesis could get rid of all those awkward words in condemnation of war. Besides, if we were to "follow out to the letter certain words of Christ," what would become of modern society? "Resist not evil," "turn the other cheek"—oh, evidently, this would never do in the nineteenth century. This is the great Christian anomaly at which Tolstoi has exclaimed. The priests sent him to the New Testament for guidance, and when he came back a sworn enemy of war, they told him pityingly that those apparent teachings of Christ were not to be taken literally. Then why take the Ten Commandments literally? Why not say that this is a workaday world in which men must be practical, and take things as they find them, and that, really, the Ten Commandments are an excellent thing, just as peace is, but that we cannot be for the Ten Commandments at any price?

There are two great dangers in this whole attempt to give Christian sanctions to war. One is that, instead of producing a race of "Happy Warriors," as Capt. Mahan desires, we shall turn out a breed of hypocrites. Mr. Gardiner has explained, in his book on 'Cromwell's Place in History,' how Englishmen instinctively try to throw a moral and religious glamour about their acts of public bad faith, aggression, and conquest. They get rich by such means, but it must always be twisted into an "ad majorem Dei gloriam." But the French and others call this hypocrisy. It is hard to deny the charge. And it will be harder still if our religious teachers encourage us in the old Spanish doctrine that loot and slaughter are a form of the highest Christian virtue. The second danger is lest Christianity, in the hands of these exponents of its congruity with war, become too openly and contemptibly a nose of wax, to be fashioned according to the whims and needs of the passing hour. Just now the world is having a brute revival of war. Ergo, the Christian religion, in order to remain popular, in order to keep in touch with the things to which men are giving time and strength and money and life, must go about to gild the grisly horror, and make it out a kind of fireside comfort and promoter of all the virtues and sanctities. How long will men retain respect for a religion that is thus ready to blur its ideals and make jelly of its imperatives, simply as a handmaid of the powers that be? How long will they give heed to its prophets and preachers if they so easily transmute the tremendous "Thou shalt not" into "Swim with the current"?

REDUCTION OF WAR TAXES.

The question of tax reduction will be brought before Congress at the coming session, and it is said that President McKinley will recommend a reduction equal to about fifteen millions per annum. The country is again in the singular position which was occupied during Mr. Cleveland's first term—the condition of an embarrassing surplus. Toward the close of that Administration the revenues exceeded the expenditures by one hundred and twenty millions, and the method of disposing of the surplus was the great question of the day. Government bonds were bought in the market until the price was forced up to 128 for the 4 per cents. This was an unheard-of premium, but there was no reason to suppose that this would be the maximum if the purchases were continued.

The Government was really at the mercy of the bondholders. It must pay whatever price they chose to ask. So the purchases were discontinued and the policy was adopted of depositing the surplus in the national banks, in order to avoid contraction of the currency through the Treasury accumulations. In August, 1888, the idle money in the Treasury was equal in amount to one-fourth of the volume of money in circulation throughout the country. Secretary Fairchild deposited his surplus receipts in the banks to the amount of more than $61,000,000, and, as a politi-

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cal campaign was then raging, the cry of "pet banks" was started by Mr. Blaine, and echoed by the Republican orators and newspapers. It was charged that the Secretary was favoring particular banks by the deposit of the public money, and it was insinuated that the Democratic campaign fund was swelled by that means. This was one of the incidents growing out of an unmanageable surplus of public money.

The surplus now is again growing unmanageable. It arises from the War Revenue Act of 1898. This measure increased the tax on beer from one dollar per barrel to two dollars. It established license taxes on bankers and brokers, theatres, circuses, museums, and concert-halls, exhibitions, bowling alleys, billiard and pool-rooms. It increased the taxes on tobacco, snuff, and cigars, and on the dealers in the same. It imposed stamp taxes on a great variety of legal instruments and on bank checks, bills of exchange, telegrams, express or freight receipts, bills of lading, warehouse receipts, stock transfers, bonds, debentures, and certificates of indebtedness, and on sales of produce or merchandise, or agreements for sale at any public exchange or board of trade; also on proprietary medicines, perfumery, and cosmetics. It also imposed a tax on legacies.

The financial results of this measure were even greater than had been anticipated. The internal revenue rose from $173,866,819 to $273,484,573, an increase of nearly one hundred millions in a single year. Even this did not represent the entire gain. The increase in the first four months of the fiscal year 1900-1901 was $10,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1899. The returns for the entire year must be awaited.

It is much to be hoped that the war in the Philippines will not last another year. In one way or another it should be brought to an end, and the large expense involved in it should be cut off or cut down. It is to be hoped also that Congress will put its foot on the greater part of the senseless and dangerous estimates for increase of the navy. However that may be, the question of reducing the war taxes will soon be under debate. It is not likely that the present Congress will touch the tariff. That question will come up in due time, but it will be taken up by a Congress elected on that issue, but not by the present one or the one which was chosen on the 6th of this month.

The question now is, what articles in the internal-revenue list shall be relieved of tax. This question is not so easy to answer as it looks. The truth is, that nearly all the taxes imposed fall upon the classes well able to pay. The stamp tax on bank checks is an annoying one, of course, but as it is one which falls only on those who are rich enough to have bank accounts, it seems to be of the kind which ought to be retained. The stamp duties on other instruments, being a tax on sales, might well be repealed, since they are an impediment to business, causing more trouble to individuals than benefit to the Government. The tax on beer ought to be retained, but probably will be reduced in some measure, since the brewers have an organization, backed by the saloon influence, which has strong political power. The tax on proprietary medicines, perfumery, and cosmetics could be easily spared. The legacy and succession tax ought to be abandoned to the States. The whole amount derived from it is but little more than $1,000,000. It is difficult to lay down any general principle in reference to the war revenue act. It is a matter of detail altogether, upon which very good authorities will be sure to differ. Yet it is imperative that the revenue be reduced unless we are to fall again into the embarrassments of 1888.

AN IMPERIAL QUESTION IN NEW YORK.

Just before the London municipal election, which followed hard on the choice of a new Parliament, Lord Rosebery declared in a public speech that there could be no question so Imperial as good government in the capital of the Empire. He said:

"The Empire is not South Africa alone, or Canada alone, or Australia alone, or India alone. The heart of the Empire is Britain, and the heart of Britain is London, and you cannot afford to let that source and centre of Empire decay or be poisoned for the want of vigilance and supervision on your part. In another sense even more vital this is an Imperial question. What is an Empire unless it is pillared on an Imperial race? And what are you doing if you allow this Imperial race to be vitiated and poisoned in the dens of crime and horror in which too many of them are reared at this moment? Why, if you are an Imperial race, be an Imperial race indeed, so that you will not see these proud citizens of yours brought up in a manner, reared in a manner, which must inevitably lead to crime, disease, and death."

It would be well if New Yorkers, in the coming struggle for the rescue of their city from vile hands, could adopt this large way of looking at the contest. If there is any force at all in our swelling talk about world-powers and America an Empire, let us insist upon applying it to the work of redeeming our greatest city. An imagination which takes fire at the acquisition of islands 7,000 miles away, ought not to be sluggish under the appeal of that vast congeries of life and activity, of wealth and art and literature—limitless in its possibilities of enlargement and adornment, limitless also in its possibilities of defilement and ruin—which we call New York city. We are an Empire by ourselves. In population we nearly equal the number of the entire American nation at the beginning of its independent existence; in money and power we far surpass it. To cherish and expand and beautify our Imperial city ought to be to us an aim and ambition fully as grand and as ardently to be pursued as to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson was the mighty ground-plan of what Chief-Justice Marshall early referred to as "The American Empire." They were the true Imperialists before Imperialism. Tawdry names and flashy glories were nothing to them; but Imperial virtues were exceeding precious. To an Imperial domain they wished to wed an Imperial race. They saw dangers, and fearlessly pointed them out. Against the temptation of mere numbers and physical strength, they solemnly warned their countrymen. They undoubtedly did perceive and employ the immense motive which is laid upon men by boundless opportunity. If that is Imperialism, we are quite willing to see it preached in the municipal campaign in New York already upon us.

In as real and vital a sense as Lord Rosebery asserted for London, the nature of government in New York city is critical for all cities under the American flag. We have heard much silly chatter about a reformed Manila coming to the relief of New York, and a purified Havana bearing help to Philadelphia. We see now how directly the reverse is the true process. The Manila police is notoriously corrupt, and justifies itself by the New York example. In Havana there are confessed election frauds, but the guilty men point, for defence, to the operations of the Quay machine in Philadelphia. In short, the notion that poison in the vital centres could be overcome by injecting an antidote in the extremities has now, happily, disappeared. It is, rather, the weakened heart and poisoned brain which swiftly send the toxic effect to hand and feet. The salvation of New York must be wrought out on the spot, and by her own citizens; and yet they may, as we have said, rightly admit the power of an appeal to save the city as the surest means of saving other cities and the whole country.

Thus to state the problem is alone to condemn half the solutions offered. To "coöperate with Croker," as he now solemnly advises us, what a way that would be of attacking an Imperial question! The most foolish Imperialist going would laugh at the proposal. If an Empire depends on Dick Croker for its saving, it is already lost. But his co-boss is just as manifestly ruled out if we once see that the task before us is one of Imperial dimensions. To upset one boss for the purpose of giving power to another—is that the way an Imperial city goes to work? Will it lie back feebly and say that it is not fit to control its own police force, and that therefore Platt must come to its aid from Albany? That would not smack of Empire, but of cowardice and

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slavery. A feeble folk, a degenerate and timid race, might turn whiningly to boss or to machine in the crisis which is upon us; but a city of 3,500,000, with the eyes of the world upon it, could not do so without inviting and deserving contempt. If we are an Imperial race, let us quit ourselves as such a race should; and let us begin here at home, without vague dreams of conquest over the seas, when vice and crime and organized greed which calls itself a political party are at our doors to be fought and overcome.

Empire-building is held up to our admiration as the chief glory of the day. Let us not forget that as keen a satisfaction may be taken in the conquest of ignorance and disease and crime in our cities as in the extension of our domain to the ends of the earth. When Mr. Chamberlain was a leader in the regeneration of Birmingham, he said:

> "I will confess to you that I am so parochially minded that I look with a greater satisfaction to our annexation of the gas and water, and to our scientific frontier of the improvement area, than I do to the result of that Imperial policy which has given us Cyprus and the Transvaal; and I am prouder of having been engaged in warring against ignorance and disease and crime in Birmingham than if I had been the author of the Zulu war, or had instigated the invasion of Afghanistan."

Mr. Chamberlain has since run after other gods; but those of us who cannot or will not join in foreign conquest, may just as truly know the Imperial thrill by sharing in the rescue of an Imperial city.

T. PLATT, CITY-SAVER.

The sudden and consuming zeal of the Hon. Thomas C. Platt in behalf of a good and pure city government for New York deserves to rank among the remarkable conversions in the world's history. Is "Tom" also among the prophets? We should be only too glad to believe that a leading wrecker of the city had now repented and was bent on saving it, in spite of itself; but we must say that a sincere penitent is ordinarily willing to be put on probation, and does not insist upon stepping at once from the mourners' bench to the pulpit. Mr. Platt is now engaged in the attempt to persuade credulous people that he has blossomed overnight into the greatest municipal reformer of the century. But the only way in which he could convince the hard-headed would be to stand in a sheet before the City Hall at high noon, and cry out in a lamentable voice, "Miserable sinner that I am, it was I that made Van Wyck Mayor, I that threw New York into Croker's hands like an orange for him to squeeze. Now I repent in dust and ashes and ask to be given an humble part in undoing my own work."

A man who is so virtuously determined in 1900 to "down Croker" ought to explain why, in 1897, he deliberately flung the city into Croker's maw. It is "no easy task" to defeat Croker, says the Platt family statement, because there was a Tammany majority of 27,000 for Bryan in Greater New York. But Tammany was in a minority in 1897. The Low vote and the Tracy vote together surpassed the Van Wyck vote. Who was responsible for this division of the anti-Tammany vote? Who but the man who now says his sole desire is to save the city from the horrible calamity of Tammany rule? Was he then more anxious to down Croker than to exalt Platt? Is he now? These are questions which serious-minded men will insist upon putting, and getting answered, before they cast themselves into the arms of this astonishing volunteer saviour of society.

Platt says that Croker cannot be beaten unless the control of the police is taken away from him. To this we say, in the first place, that Platt should have thought of this before he used his sinister rule-or-ruin power to put the police under Croker's control. This thing was not done in a corner. Platt was openly warned that the patronage of Greater New York, which he was cynically offering to Croker, would so intrench Tammany that the work of dislodgment would be doubly difficult. What did he care for that? He snapped his fingers at all this, and, when Van Wyck was elected, laughed and jested in public. In the second place, we say it is not true that Tammany control of the police makes Tammany impregnable in an election. Tammany had the police in the hollow of its hand in 1894, but was beaten by more than 45,000 votes.

After that great slaughter and the election of Mayor Strong, what was the attitude of T. Platt, city-saver? Does he suppose that people have already forgotten how he denounced and thwarted, as far as he could, the best administration the city had known for years? Did he not put up Quigg and his other creatures to rail at Col. Strong as a faithless renegade to party, simply because he would not turn over all the spoils to Platt? Mayor Strong is dead, and memories are short; but Platt's conduct and language all through the Strong term of office, culminating in his cool betrayal of the city's interest in the Low campaign, are reason enough for not giving him a commission to rescue and reform the city now.

It is to be noted, too, that Platt's argument for taking away from the city the control of its own police would apply just as cogently to every other department of municipal administration. The Fire Department can easily be made a political auxiliary—perhaps is now; ergo, give it to Platt. So of the docks, so of the schools, so of the city charities. How do we know that Platt, if he has his way about the police, and then fails to carry the election, will not ask next time for all the rest? He could avow the same pious end and pure-minded purpose—to "secure good city government"—and could meet all objections in the same way that he does now, namely, that "home rule" is a mere "sentiment" which must be set aside in order not to keep simply a "shadow" and lose the "substance."

The plain truth is that Platt's character, career, and consistent course for many years would make a ghastly farce of any municipal campaign which called itself reform, and yet put itself under his leadership. He is a part of the thing to be reformed. He is to-day, as he has been for years, the stay and hope of Tammany. "Ask Platt," said Croker before the Legislative Committee; and that is what he and all his coparceners say now when giving the real reason of their confidence in retaining power. They cannot believe that Platt, after having played into their hands so steadily, will fail them now. In some way or other, they are confident, he will manage to bedevil the anti-Tammany movement. Nor from the side of reformers can it be seriously denied that Platt is the greatest single obstacle in their path. Croker they can fight openly; but who shall deliver them from the machinations of Platt? The easily fooled people who are taken in by his virtuous protestations in connection with his plan for seizing upon the police power of New York city, should know that, even if he should succeed in this deep-laid plan of his to "save" the city, they would be the first to cry out for some one to save them from their saviour.

GOLD MINING ON THE RAND.

The resumption of gold mining "on the Rand" prompts the inquiry what will be the effect of a new and continued outpour of the yellow metal upon the commerce of the world, equal to or greater than that which was going on before the war in South Africa took place. The essential quality of gold—the fact which distinguishes it from all other substances in or upon the earth—is that it constitutes purchasing power. It is *per se* a demand for goods. Unlike all other products of labor, there is no need to wait for a market for it. Unlike all others, too, the precipitation of a great quantity of it on the world does not lower its price immediately in the general markets of the world; the quantity in existence at all times being vastly greater than any possible increment in a single year. Consequently, the miner gets full value for all that he can bring out of the ground, as soon as he can place it in the world's markets. However large the output, some years must elapse before general prices rise to a correspondence with the new supplies of money.

The production of gold in the whole

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of Africa in the year 1898 was upwards of $80,000,000, of which all except $2,000,000 came from the Rand. At the time when the war put a stop to mining operations there was every prospect that the output of the following year would reach or exceed $100,000,000, and that there would be a progressive increase for a number of years to come. This promise now seems to be sure of fulfilment. It is certain, too, that the cost of mining will be reduced by the abolishment of the dynamite monopoly and by better means of transportation for the bringing in of coal and other supplies. Every new facility, every cheapening of the cost of mining, makes some ores available which could not be worked before. Simultaneously with this expected increase we find also an actual increase of the supplies from the Klondike, Alaska, and British Columbia, and a steady growth in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado. We must look, too, for a material increase soon in the production of Siberia, due to the improved means of transportation furnished by the railway now building there.

That this great increase of purchasing power must have a perceptible effect upon the trade and industry of the world, cannot be doubted. It is a part of the world's history that a similar outpour of the precious metal after the discovery of America was accompanied by a great extension of commerce and great industrial activity. This was due, for the most part, however, to the inexhaustible market which the New World opened to the products of the Old. An event more nearly analogous to the present is found in the Californian and Australian output of gold in the fifties. This, too, was accompanied by a great development of commerce throughout the world, but there is some difference of opinion among economists on the question whether the new impetus to trade and industry was caused by the new gold or was merely coincident with it.

It was the opinion of Cairnes, Jevons, Levasseur, and Soetbeer that the great output of gold in the fifties and sixties had caused an average increase of the prices of commodities equal to about 20 per cent. In some cases the increase was greater than the average, in others less; and in still others it counteracted a decline of prices which would ordinarily have taken place by reason of new inventions and improved processes of production. The four authorities named, working independently of each other, reached this opinion about thirty years ago. Their coincidence makes a strong prima-facie case for its acceptance by others, but is not conclusive; for although there was in 1865 an average rise of prices of 20 per cent., taking those of 1849 as a datum line, yet, if we take the prices of 1820 as the datum line, there was no rise at all, but a decline of 30 per cent. If we go still further back, to 1809, the decline in 1865 was 60 per cent. The abundance or scarcity of metallic money is one of the causes of high or low prices, but not the only one.

As gold is purchasing power, new supplies of it are additional purchasing power. The gold miners are enabled to buy more goods and to improve their style of living. There is a demand for more labor to supply the goods, and this causes an advance in wages reckoned in terms of money, and tends to cause an advance in the prices of commodities. It cannot be said that the community is richer by using two dollars instead of one to transact a given amount of business, but a certain stimulus is imparted to industry by new supplies of gold, and a new distribution of property takes place, which Professor Cairnes considers to the advantage of wage-earners and to the detriment of rentiers and others having fixed incomes. The former have steadier employment and better pay, while the latter have to pay higher prices for the things they buy without any increase of income.

If it be true that new purchasing power brought into the markets of the world has the effect to raise the wages of the laboring class more and faster than the rise in the price of commodities, as Cairnes thought, thus altering the distribution of the wealth of the community in favor of the producing class, it constitutes a real benefit to society as a whole. In this branch of the discussion which raged nearly half a century ago over the Californian and Australian discoveries, Cairnes took issue with Chevalier and certainly had the better of the argument.

It seems quite safe to predict that the output of gold now imminent since the Rand mines have been liberated from the stress of war, will cause some advance of general prices, and this always stimulates speculation. So we are likely to have a period of industrial activity from this cause alone, to be followed by reaction and perhaps a general crash some time later.

THE BALKASH BASIN.

VERNOE, TURKESTAN, Sept. 24, 1900.

Lake Balkash seems to serve no important purpose in the world. It ought to be abolished. Now that it is in possession of the strongly centralized and intelligent Government of Russia, it doubtless will be obliterated from our maps in due process of time. At present it is but the cesspool of a productive province which might be made much more productive if the entire water supply were used for irrigation. The waters of the lake are barren, and its shores offer no inducements to population.

The recently acquired Russian province of Semerychenskia, lying in this basin, occupies almost the very centre of the Asiatic continent. Its southeastern boundary is the lofty mountain chain which forms the border of the great plateau of central Asia. One of its peaks, Mount Kauffmann, is 22,500 feet high, while many others are from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. The chain, which runs southwest to northeast, is called, in its various parts, the Thian-Shan, the Ala-tau, and the Tarbaga-tau Mountains. But the Ala-tau branches off to the west and covers the southwestern part of the province with a network of alpine peaks, as extensive as those of Switzerland, which furnish some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world. In the midst of these peaks is Lake Issikkul, larger than Lake Geneva, and 5,000 feet above the sea, and surrounded with prosperous settlements. The region is one of the most arid in the world, and, were it not for the mountains on its southern border, would be a perfect desert. But, as it is, the glaciers and snowy masses preserved on these mountains send down a constant supply of water sufficient to irrigate a narrow border of the plain leading to Lake Balkash, and make it for hundreds of miles like a fruitful garden. This plain is only about 1,000 feet above the sea, and is in the latitude of southern Michigan. Much of it is covered with loess, closely resembling that in China and eastern Nebraska, and only needs water to make it most productive. But at the best, if it were all utilized, the streams from the mountains would be insufficient for the whole; while, as it is, only a fraction is used.

Four rivers of considerable size are permitted to pass through the plateau to the eastern end of Lake Balkash; all waste their waters in its lifeless area; while the Ili, a stream of large dimensions, and several hundred miles long, forming one of the gateways to Central Asia, pours its flood into the western end. Of those entering the eastern end, we have now followed one, the Ayagusk, down from near its source in the Tarbaga-tau Mountains to the head of the lake, and have crossed the other three a short distance from where they emerge from the Dzungarian Ala-tau range. For three days we were constantly in sight of the peaks of this latter range, from 12,000 to 15,000 feet high, and could clearly discern the numerous small glaciers on their flanks, which were supplying these streams with a constant flow of water. The milky color of the streams themselves betrayed their glacial origin, though its faintness showed that the glaciers were not of the first order.

The nomad Kirghiz Tartars have no means of utilizing the water of the main rivers. They can manage the various small streams which flow for a portion of the year out of the minor valleys. By so doing, they irrigate a narrow strip near the foot-hills fairly well; but the main streams soon cut gorges in the plain which render them useless for irrigating purposes. They usually have, indeed, a narrow flood-plain at the bottom of their trenches, and these are favorite places for the villages and for the stations of the Russian post route. It has been a constant series of grateful surprises, while riding over the long stretches of the arid plain, to come upon these secluded villages in the troughs of the streams. Here busy scenes of life suddenly burst upon the traveller and reveal the real attractions of the country to a nomad population. During the

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day they herd their flocks on the plains, and at night bring them in great droves to the watering-places, around which they have pitched their felt tents.

The Kirghiz Tartars have well solved the problem of living in this country under existing conditions. There is no wood. There are no mines. But the frame-work of their dome-shaped tents is of the lightest character, so that the wood of which it is made can be brought long distances on camel-back. The little iron used is brought in ox-carts, or on camel-back, from Semipalatinsk, 350 miles away. The felt covering for their tents is made by their own hands from the wool of their own sheep, and is a good covering in winter as well as in summer. For fuel they depend on the dung of animals. What we thought at first to be piles of peat put up to dry for winter, we found, on examination, to be cakes of manure, kneaded into a mass with straw, and stacked against a time of need. The spectacle which we often witness of the women engaged with their bare hands in the process of this manufacture is the most revolting which has met our eyes.

The Balkash Basin has an area of 120,000 square miles, and a total population, mostly Tartars, of 990,107. These, to a large extent, live on the flocks and herds. According to the last census they have 4,176,428 sheep, 352,172 horned cattle, 680,750 horses, 98,673 camels, 274,001 goats, but only 42 mules. In the irrigated portions there is raised a sufficient quantity of wheat, rye, oats, barley, millet, flax, and hemp to supply their need of those commodities. Gardens and orchards also flourish near the base of the mountains. Here for the first time since entering Siberia we find a bountiful supply of apples raised on the ground, and they are of most excellent quality in every respect. In exchange for the few foreign luxuries which can be afforded, we met all along the route endless lines of ox-carts, and horses, and camels, loaded with wool, pelts, hides, and grain.

The Kirghiz Tartars resemble closely in their physiognomy the red Indians of America. They have their high cheek bones, their straight, black hair, their copper color, as well as many of their habits of life. In some individuals the resemblance has been so perfect that I could scarcely dispel the illusion that I was on the plains of the base of the Rocky Mountains rather than on those of Central Asia. But one would not expect to see an American Indian riding a steer to herd a flock of sheep. The extent to which they ride their cattle here has been a surprise, while the intelligence of the cattle has been not less so.

The possibilities of the further development of this country are still great, though limited by the amount of water stored in the lofty bordering mountains. Probably not more than one-third of this is now utilized. The numerous Russian villages growing up in the well-watered places show what the line of advancement is to be. With the application of scientific methods, these mountain streams in their great descent will furnish water-power to supply electricity to run a line of electric cars all along their base. This will largely displace the hundreds of thousands of horses and camels now employed in transportation. This will mean more cattle and sheep, more wool and hides and tallows for export, and more meat for food, while the enlargement of the irrigated area will increase three-fold the production of grain and fruit. The province can thus be made to support a population four or five times its present number. The Tartar tent, with its single room, will give place to the Russian adobe house, with its thatched roof and its four comfortable apartments. The process is already well begun.

I write from the picturesquely situated town of Vernoe. A majestic semicircle of mountain-peaks, from 8,000 to 10,000 feet high, closely surrounds it on the south. The endless arid plain, bisected by the Ili River, stretches away to the north. A small stream issues from the mountain tract behind the city, and irrigates the extensive delta terrace which it has built up, and gives opportunity for the culture of gardens and orchards and shade trees to the heart's content. The opportunity has been improved to the utmost, and there is created here one of the most delightful spots for residence imaginable. The population is about 30,000, largely native, but including a considerable colony of Russian officials and Cossack soldiers, who are responsible for the good order both of the city and of the province. Yesterday there was a heavy fall of snow on the mountains, but none on the plain. With these snow-clad peaks as sentinels we start on the remaining four hundred miles of tarantass-riding to Tashkend, where we meet the railroad. But all the way we shall be at the base of a continuous mountain-chain as grand as the Alps.

G. Frederick Wright.

THE WIFE OF LOUIS XV.—I.

Paris, November 4, 1900.

There is a tinge of romance in the marriage of Marie Leszczynska with Louis XV. She was perhaps the poorest princess in Europe, and he was the King of France, the successor of the *grand Roi*. Henry Gauthier-Villars has, like some others, treated this subject, and has been so fortunate as to get access to inedited documents—among others, to the correspondence of the father of the Princess, Stanislas Leszczynski. He has used the 'Annales de Menin,' a collection of papers concerning the ceremonies of the marriage, and a collection of documents concerning the embassy of the Duke d'Antin.

The Regent of France, the Duke d'Orléans, wished first to marry Louis XV. to a Spanish Infanta, and this project was the object of the Duke de St. Simon's mission to Spain, regarding which the celebrated writer gives so many details in his Memoirs. Louis XV. was almost a child when the Infanta came to Paris on the 2d of March, 1722; she, too, was a child. Public opinion was very much opposed to the proposed union, which promised no heir to the throne for many years. After the death of the Regent, the power fell into the hands of Henri de Bourbon, who was called Monsieur le Duc. He had for his mistress Madame de Prie, a bold and ambitious woman, very inimical to Spain because some of her pretensions had been repulsed by the Court of Spain; and it was probably through her influence that the marriage of Louis XV. with the Infanta was broken off. The Infanta was entering on her seventh year when she was sent back to Spain. Louis XV. was himself at the time entering his fifteenth year. He was very handsome, very strong for his age. He had been very badly brought up by Villeroi; was very childish, and D'Argenson says that "to be childish consists in . . . being amused by frivolities and in a sudden inconstancy—a sort of pretty defect which sometimes lasts for fifty years." The King, however, was of a melancholy disposition, and was as timid as he was proud. Villeroi had taught him that everything belonged to him: "tout ce peuple est à vous." He sincerely realized this. His grand passion was hunting. He found his distractions in the forest, at Rambouillet, at Marly, at Meudon. He paid no attention to the ladies of the Court and avoided their society. He was uniformly very uncivil and almost rude to the young Infanta, and was well pleased when she was sent away, but the Ministers thought that it was time to find a wife for the King.

Many were the lists of princesses that were of age, many the reports of the Ambassadors as to their years, their religion, their health, their alliances. Our national archives have preserved these reports, which are very curious. Marie Leszczynska did not figure in them. The first list of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs has no less than a hundred names; forty-four were at once eliminated because the princesses were more than twenty-four years old. Other reductions affected twenty-nine candidates who were under twelve years; ten German princesses were struck off as belonging to cadet branches which possessed no sovereignty. There remained on the list only seventeen princesses—the Infanta of Portugal, a Princess of Denmark, two daughters of the Prince of Wales, two daughters of the Czar, the daughter of the King of Prussia, two nieces of his uncle, some other German princesses, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, a daughter of the Duke of Modena, the two sisters of Monsieur le Duc, Mlle. de Sens and Mlle. de Vermandois.

After a long examination, the list was reduced to four names: the two daughters of the Prince of Wales, with Mlles. de Sens and de Vermandois. The choice of the advisers of Monsieur le Duc fell definitively on Mlle. de Vermandois. She was, to be sure, a French princess, being a Bourbon Condé, but had not Louis XIV. contrived the marriage of the Duke de Berry, his grandson, to Mademoiselle d'Orléans? Mlle. de Vermandois was the sister of Monsieur le Duc, and the advisers he chose paid their court to him by recommending her. She was at the convent of Fontevrault. President Hénault, in his Memoirs, tells us that the Duchess de Bourbon, her mother, accompanied by Madame de Prie, went to Fontevrault to make her the offer of the hand of Louis XV. Mademoiselle de Vermandois declined the honor of the King's hand, and would hardly look on Madame de Prie, her brother's favorite. There is no official account of this visit; it has been denied by some historians that Madame de Prie accompanied the Duchess de Bourbon. The fact is, that this marriage project was abandoned.

Prince Mentchikoff made overtures to the French court in the name of Catharine of Russia. He offered Louis XV. the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, who was of the same age. In order to bring M. le Duc to her views, Catharine engaged to procure for him the hand of the daughter of Stanislas Leszczynski, the ex-King of Poland, and to give him the throne of Poland. The French Minister, M. de Campredon, raised objec-

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tions to the Princess Elizabeth; he reproached her chiefly with the low extraction of her mother—a grave accusation in those times. Catharine's offer was not accepted, and the pretence given was the difference of religion.

"The refusal of France," says M. Gauthier-Villars, "had very grave consequences. It determined the policy of Russia during the eighteenth century, and its effects have been felt to our day. Anxious to take a place in the political world, and to figure in the European concert, the empire of the Tsar solicited the patronage of the French Government, but the French Government did not understand it. Russia was thus thrown on the side of Austria; an alliance was formed in 1726 between the two countries, and the Slav empire opened itself to the German immigration. M. le Duc did not even feel the great harm he was doing his country."

The name of Marie Leszczynska had been pronounced during the negotiation, and it was on her that M. le Duc finally fixed his eye. Her father, Stanislas Leszczynski, Palatine of Posnania, had been placed on the throne of Poland by Charles XII.; after the battle of Poltava, he lost his ephemeral crown and began the life of an exiled and dethroned sovereign. He appealed to the French Regent and to Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, and obtained a subsidy, with permission to live in Wissembourg. "In this illusory court of Wissembourg, between a father who smoked a pipe all day and an ever-complaining mother, grew up Marie Leszczynska, a mild, timid girl, spending her time in working at church ornaments." In 1722, the Marquis de Courtenvaux (who became in 1756 Marshal d'Estrées) asked for her hand, but he was a mere Colonel, and the ex-King would not give his consent. Madame de Prie, who governed M. le Duc entirely, turned her attention to Marie Leszczynska. She preferred a timid girl to a proud princess, and planned to marry her to M. le Duc. M. Gauthier-Villars gives us the letters exchanged on this subject between the poor and weak Stanislas and a certain Chevalier de Vauchoux, who had served in Poland at the time when Stanislas was King, and had remained his friend. A portrait, painted by Gobert, who stopped at Wissembourg on his way to Saverne, where he had to execute some work for Cardinal de Rohan, sealed the fate of Marie. It produced the most favorable impression on M. le Duc and his mistress, arriving at the moment when they were trying to find a wife for Louis XV. They saw in her a harmless person, who would be no obstacle to their ambitions. "The real triumph was for Madame de Prie; at one stroke she adjourned indefinitely the marriage of her lover, and she gave herself a Queen whom she could maintain in subjection." Louis XV. saw the portrait and gave his consent.

When the courier, bearing the letters of the French court, reached Wissembourg, Stanislas, after having read the letter, entered the room where his daughter was waiting. "My child," said he, "let us kneel and thank God." When she asked her father if he had been recalled to the throne of Poland, "Heaven," said he, "has been much more favorable to us; you are Queen of France." The King declared the marriage on a Sunday morning at his *petit-lever*. The astonishment was great, and the memoirs of the time show how great was the disappointment of the Court. Maurepas qualified the union as monstrous; the word *mésalliance* was pronounced by the Duchess of Lorraine. "If the new Queen was to exhibit on the throne an example of all the virtues, she had not the qualities necessary to captivate long her husband," says M. Vandal, in his 'Louis XV. and Élisabeth de Russie.' Catharine of Russia never forgave France for having preferred to the blood of Peter the Great that of a dispossessed King of Poland.

The choice of the persons who were to form the young Queen's household was a great affair. Madame de Prie wished to be *dame d'honneur* (an office which conferred many privileges and a large patronage). M. le Duc did not, however, accede to her wish; her nomination would have been too great a scandal. Madame de Boufflers was designated, "for her rare virtues," though she was in reality notoriously ill-behaved. The Countess de Mailly obtained the lucrative post of *dame d'atours*. In all, the household of the Queen was composed of as many as one hundred and twenty-eight persons. The choice of her confessor was reserved. Stanislas desired that his daughter should keep the confessor she had at Wissembourg. The marriage by proxy took place at Strasbourg, as Wissembourg was not considered a sufficiently important place. The formalities which preceded the ceremony were endless. The ambassadors extraordinary sent to Strasbourg for the occasion, the Duke d'Antin and M. de Beauvau, arrived in great style, and offered Stanislas, on behalf of the King, the order of the Holy Spirit, and at the same time presented magnificent jewels to the future Queen. The ceremony took place in the cathedral. The Princess Marie, giving her hand to her father and mother, was received at the door by the Cardinal. She was accompanied by the Duke d'Orléans and by the two ambassadors extraordinary. The Princess, after leaving Strasbourg, stopped at Saverne, at the Cardinal de Rohan's palace; she made her journey by way of Sarrebourg, Mézières, Vic, and Metz (where she had a great reception); Verdun, Châlons-sur-Marne, Provins, Moret. It was in this last place that she saw Louis XV. The King was hunting in the neighborhood and waited for her there. As soon as her carriage was seen, a carpet was spread on the ground. "The Queen," says Barbier, "left her carriage and would have knelt, but the King did not allow her to do so; he kissed her on both cheeks with a vivacity which he had never shown. His effusiveness surprised the witnesses, as he had hitherto always shown much shyness in the presence of ladies."

Correspondence.

THE RESTORER OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Mr. George Dwight Kellogg in the *Nation* No. 1842 opens with an extraordinary, if unwitting, mistake involving great injustice to a much injured man of genius. The attribution to Comm. Boni of the restoration of the Ducal Palace at Venice has no justification whatever. He was in that work a pupil and underworker of one of those peculiarly Italian builders of whom Maitani, Arnolfo di Lapo, and the heads of the Comacine builders were earlier examples—neither architects in the modern sense nor master masons, but builders in the best sense, and known as *capimastri*. Vendrasco is, or perhaps was, so far as I know, the sole survivor in our days of his craft, and to him is due every detail of the long and marvellous work of the restoration of the Ducal Palace—a work I watched from 1876 down to the day when Vendrasco was dismissed, to the disgrace of the Italian Government, from the position of head of the works on the Palace, to make room for a partisan of a new ministry, *modo Americano*, in the person of the restorer of the Fondaco dei Turchi, a piece of restoration which is the disgrace of Venice and its Municipal Council.

Comm. Boni was a very intelligent and studious assistant and pupil of Vendrasco, but was not responsible for a single detail of the work, which was a matter of pure engineering. I made his acquaintance in that position, and became interested in his profound and curious researches into the old work of Venice, its geology, and building materials, and I called the attention of the Ministry of Public Instruction to his remarkable abilities in research as deserving a wider field. He was, mainly in consequence of my so doing, called to a place in the Ministry at Rome. My relations with him have always been, and remain, most cordial, and his late successes in a more responsible position than that in which I first knew him have been to me a personal gratification; but he does not want the laurels of Vendrasco.

There was another fable which went the rounds of journalism, viz., that he restored the Ducal Palace under the advice of Ruskin. But Ruskin opposed tooth and nail any and all restoration of the Ducal Palace, and denounced it to the last; and when Sir Henry Layard took him to see the completed west and south façades, and Ruskin had to admit that he could not distinguish the restored from the untouched capitals, he still said, "But it should not have been done." As the most marvellous piece of restoration ever executed, the honor it may give must not be withheld from the old *capomastro* who was the deviser of every device and appliance employed in it.

Yours truly, W. J. Stillman.

Deepdene, Frimley Green, Surrey, Eng., November 7, 1900.

Notes.

Henry Holt & Co. have in press 'German and Swiss Settlements in Provincial Pennsylvania,' by Prof. Oscar Kuhn.

'Colonial Government,' by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, is about to appear in Macmillan's "Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics, and Sociology," edited by Prof. Richard T. Ely. The same firm has taken over from Harper & Bros. the publication of James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,' and will publish before Christmas a new edition of the four volumes, coming down to 1862, that have already appeared.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. announce for next month a new volume of poems by Sir Lewis Morris.

In January, E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish 'The Painters of Florence—Thirteenth to Sixteenth Centuries,' by Julia Cartwright, with illustrations.

Herbert S. Stone & Co. are bringing out 'Three Plays for Puritans,' by G. Bernard Shaw; and 'Wooings and Weddings

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in Many Lands,' by Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln.

The W. B. Clarke Co., Boston, will shortly publish 'King Arthur in Avalon, and Other Poems,' by Sara Hammond Palfrey.

Two years ago, Mr. Rendall's translation of Marcus Aurelius gave the world a version of the 'Meditations' that ranks with, and may even (by virtue of its more precise scholarship) supersede, the classic renderings of Long and Jeremy Collier. But the reader who feels that a touch of archaism in the style adds an appropriate charm to the *journal intime* of a Roman Emperor, will give a warmer welcome to Mr. W. H. D. Rouse's reprint of Meric Casaubon's seventeenth-century version (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). An appendix, containing some of the Emperor's letters to his tutor, Fronto, adds an interest to the volume, and a glossary of obsolete or obscure words, while it offers much that is superfluous, is useful enough. The paper, type, and binding are most harmonious and pleasing; the reproductions of busts and bas-reliefs of the Emperor are excellent.

A companion book to Bury's 'Philobiblon' (previously noticed in these columns) is 'Bibliomania in the Middle Ages,' by F. Somner Merryweather, a somewhat obscure London bookseller of the earlier part of the century, chiefly known as the compiler of those 'Lives and Anecdotes of Misers' with which Silas Wegg pandered to the depraved appetite of Mr. Boffin. This publication (Meyer Bros. & Co.) shows him to have been an enthusiastic student of old book-lore; and he has here assembled a store of curious information about old monastic libraries, their management and treasures. Perhaps the most remarkable book he mentions is the superb Bible written by Alcuin for Charlemagne, and containing an inscription in Alcuin's own hand. This precious relic was presented by Charles's grandson to a monastery in Lorraine, and was preserved by the monks until 1793, when, their property being confiscated, it fell into the hands of dealers, and, after various vicissitudes, found at last a resting-place in the British Museum for the sum of £750—a ridiculous price, if the genuineness be unimpeached. The printing and general make-up of this book are excellent; but we could wish that the editor had paid more attention to the proof-reading. Of the Latin quotations in particular, there is scarce a line that is not barbarously mangled. Merryweather makes some pretensions to Latin scholarship, though his translation of *porri et olera*, "gardens and olives," is of a nature to beget a suspicion.

The last volume in the Dent-Macmillan "Medieval Towns," 'The Story of Florence,' by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, deserves nothing but praise. The historical account is all that we should expect from such a Dantist as is Mr. Gardner. True, he confines himself perhaps a little too closely to the Middle Ages, and even Brunelleschi's dome does not so overshadow Florence as Dante does its history in the little volume before us. But if this be a fault it is on the right side, perhaps. Nor is the age of the Medici and Humanism by any means neglected. As a guide-book we seldom have seen anything more commendable, and, considering that Mr. Gardner is, after all, a compiler and nothing more, it is surprising how free he is from errors, either of fact or of judgment. Miss Erichsen's illustrations are a welcome improvement upon those by the late Miss Taine in previous volumes of this series. An excellent feature is the reproduction of the beautiful wood-cut view of Florence, engraved towards the end of the fifteenth century.

Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott's 'In Nature's Realm' (Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt) is one of the author's characteristic monologues on the aspects of Nature among the Jersey meadows. Some of the chapters have already seen the light in print, others are new; all have been revised, enlarged, and now brought together in luxurious typography, and attractively illustrated by Oliver Kemp. Of the artist's work nothing can be said in criticism; its delicacy, truth to nature, and decorative effect are as admirable as they are unusual. There are ninety of these little sketches, besides a charming frontispiece in photogravure. The whole get-up of the book testifies to the good taste of the publisher. Of the text little can be said but that it is in Dr. Abbott's usual vein, which, while never rising to the first literary excellence, has an attractiveness of its own that has insured him an appreciative audience for many years. We would suggest to him that criticism, whether just or unjust, is best forgotten by the brookside or under the trees, and that his most successful chapters are those in which there is no reference to the tribulations of authorship.

The volume entitled 'Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi,' by James Adderley (London: Edwin Arnold), is curious as a product of the movement in the Anglican Church towards mediævalism. It seeks to present the founder of the Minorites as a model—except, we presume, as to obedience to the Bishop of Rome; but, beautiful as was the character of the saint, this compendium of his acts and teachings will scarce produce many emulators of his virtues, or bring a materialistic age to embrace with him Lady Poverty as the choicest of earthly blessings. The bald, commonplace English robs of all their charm the touching reminiscences of the *Fioretti* and the *Speculum Perfectionis*, and it is impossible not to have one's sense of congruity fatally upset by such comments as, "Whatever our views may be as to modern vivisection, it is quite certain that Francis would have been horrified at the very idea."

A well-digested, well-written life of Thomas Moore is a desideratum. We regret we cannot find it in Mr. Gunning's 'Moore: Poet and Patriot,' lately published by Gill & Son in Dublin. The book looks attractive, but that is all. As to style and judgment, the following paragraph may be sufficient: "And what, we may ask, has Moore done to merit niches in the temples of poetry and history—the great bequests of the ages—the recording angels of Time? He has, we answer, indelibly recorded our national traditions and the glories of our ancient race in lyrics the most sweet and beautiful the world has ever seen."

Irish fairy stories are charming; but they lose much of their charm when not taken neat, and he indeed must be a competent hand that attempts to reset or retell them. Mr. Frost, in his 'Fairies and Folk of Ireland' (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), has essayed the task. We cannot congratulate him on the result. They may satisfy as Irish fairy stories those who have not met them in better form. Mrs. O'Brien, John, and Kitty may pass as exemplars of Irish peasantry to those who have never read Carleton or Miss Barlow. The book is attractively brought out and well illustrated. In so far as Mr. Frost takes stories from Kennedy and others, always with proper acknowledgment, and keeps tolerably close to the originals, the book is of value. The passage of Irish fairies on board an Atlantic liner to this country is really too bad.

Few of the publications of the Catholic Truth Society, London, will particularly commend themselves to Protestants. We must, however, make an exception in favor of the 'Catholic Temperance Reader,' by the Rev. W. H. Cologan and Sir F. R. Cruise, M.D. It is one of the best, most moderate and convincing books of its class—one that should find a place in Protestant schools and families as well as Catholic.

Dr. Holmes had a saying that a gentleman should be a gentleman especially in his hymns and prayers. Mr. Charles F. Dole's attitude in 'The Religion of a Gentleman' (Crowell & Co.) is not of the superior and critical kind; his contention is not merely that "a gentleman" should have something in the way of a religion, and not at all that "any old religion will do." His terms are taken in the modern and democratic sense: by "gentleman" he means any young man who aims to know and do the right, and the religion he recommends is a life and not a convention. His ruling ideas are those of his own time and not of former ages, and he urges them in a manly and kindly way, which leaves small room for objection. His little book will not add to the learning of the wise, but it can benefit those who are beyond catechism and Sunday-school, and ready for secondary instruction in spiritual things. Even the Harvard students whom it has particularly in view—though few of them are likely to read it—will be fortunate if they never have to sit under worse preaching than this.

The Boer war has almost become a tale of the dim past, and Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's story of the movements, from April 30 to June 14, of the column sent to the relief of Johannesburg, from Bloemfontein, under Lieut.-Gen. Ian Hamilton ('Ian Hamilton's March,' Longmans, Green & Co.), while spirited and entertaining, will impress the student of larger history as chiefly a record for newspaper readers concerned in the valor and safety of their countrymen. Hamilton's column consisted of some twelve thousand men; and although there is the expected narrative of wearisome marches, and the dropping under skirmish-fire of man after man, yet, despite an occasional Boer stand in a stronghold, there were no engagements which rose above the seriousness of an affair. The account of his detention as a prisoner of war by Lieut. H. Frankland, which forms one of the chapters of the book, indicates that, on the whole, the relation of prisoner and captor was an amiable one, with few violations of the amenities of life; the tedium of confinement in idleness being the chief vexation.

Are freethinkers privileged, by their principles, to indulge in unmeasured virulence and calumniation? One "F. M.," reviewing Ouida's 'Critical Studies' in the issue of the London *Literary Guide and Rationalist Review* for the current month, has seen fit to supplement a rabid tirade against the people of the United States in this wise:

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"It will be observed that Ouida, in referring to the Yankee brood who infest a portion of the northern continent of America, has fallen into the curious and common error of speaking of them as Americans. This, in such a connection, is a pity, since Americans (always excepting the Yankees) are, as a race, by no means deserving the contempt which all cultivated minds entertain for the preëminently vulgar wealth-worshipping denizens of the United States." Who could withhold compassion from one for the relief of whose suffering the expulsion of such acrid matter was necessary?

In a brief description of the Samoan Islands, in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for November, are some interesting facts in regard to the class divisions of the natives. Next to the chiefs, "who are hereditary in the sense that they must belong to certain families, but elective in that they exercise authority by virtue of titles conferred upon them," is the Tulafe, or talking-man. He is the executive officer who phrases his chief's thought in eloquent language, and is frequently the central figure in the district and the source of authority. The office is hereditary in certain families, but "as a rule no one is elected who has not a gift for oratory, which is a common talent in Samoa." The Rev. Father Algué, S.J., contributes an account of the Manila Observatory, of which he is the director. Established by the Jesuits in 1865, its principal object was the study of typhoons, for which its geographical position peculiarly fits it. As it takes several days for the centre of a typhoon to cross the China Sea, the Observatory's storm warnings are of the utmost advantage to the whole Asiatic coast line from Singapore to Yokohama. Among its instruments are a large equatorial telescope in a revolving dome, a Töpfer spectroscope, a small photographic equatorial, and a reflecting zenith photographic telescope for the study of the variation of latitude, invented by the present director. Among other articles is a reminiscence, by Gen. Greely, of the cyclone which destroyed Indianola, Texas, in 1875.

In a report on labor conditions in France in the Consular Reports for November there is a reference to an employers' syndicate in Lyons. Its object is "to further the interests of builders, to study and propose improvement in buildings, to secure the employment of the best material, to decide all disputes relating to the execution or the interpretation of contracts, the fixing of prices, etc." Since its organization in 1862, twenty-three strikes have occurred, all of which have been settled by committees of the strikers and of the syndicate. It is also asked to investigate and report upon disputes arising between contractors and men or companies for whom they are doing work. Nearly five thousand such cases have been sent to it by the courts, with the request that it render a decision upon a point in litigation, or investigate and agree upon the technical details of some question. The society has a reserve fund from which prizes are given yearly to students in architecture and other pursuits pertaining to building. There are 625 members.

The United States Department of Agriculture has published a report upon the field operations of the Division of Soils during 1899, describing soil surveys of various areas scattered throughout New Mexico, Utah, and Connecticut, and aggregating 720,000 acres. It comprises an introduction by Milton Whitney, the chief of the division, and special reports on the several lines of field work by scientific assistants (in coöperation, in some instances, with educational institutions in different parts of the country). These are followed by some valuable discussions on the application of the theory of solutions to the study of soils, some necessary modifications in method of mechanical analysis as applied to alkali soils, and salts as influencing the rate of evaporation from soils. The volume is illustrated by numerous photographs and diagrams portraying the character of the country and the specific characteristics of the soil, and by accompanying maps showing the distribution of the soils, alkali, and seepage waters. In his letter of transmittal, the Secretary of Agriculture advances the opinion that this is the most important work of its kind ever undertaken in any country.

A second instalment of papers relating to the 'Fossil Remains of Lake Callabonna' forms the latest number of the memoirs of the Royal Society of South Australia. In the first of these, E. C. Stirling and A. H. C. Zietz describe *Genyornis Newtoni*, a new genus and species of fossil struthious bird. This creature is believed to have been over six feet in height, and to have resembled in many respects the emeu and the cassowary. The second paper is by E. C. Stirling, and treats of the physical features of Lake Callabonna.

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia has collected in a memorial volume obituary notices, in some cases with portraits, of fifteen of its members. Some of the subjects are William Henry Furness, Henry Phillips, jr., Thomas Sterry Hunt, and Richard Albert Tilghman. There are also included accounts of the meetings of the Society held in commemoration of William Pepper, Daniel Garrison Brinton, and Edward Drinker Cope.

—In December, 1897, a committee was appointed by the American Philosophical Society to examine the manuscripts in the possession of the Society, with the view to making them more available to the public. The first results of the labors of this committee are calendars of the correspondence of Gen. Nathanael Greene, Gen. Weedon, and of the Lee papers—manuscripts of Arthur and Richard Henry Lee. The last-named papers were printed by the grandson of Richard Henry Lee, and are well known for their interest. The correspondence of Gen. Greene is all new; and, covering the period of his service as Quartermaster-General of the Continental army during the darkest days of the Revolution, they emphasize the trials and shifts encountered in providing the barest necessaries. As a study of the effects of an inflated paper currency, these records are of general value. There was a plenty of money, and bills could be had for the asking; but when it came to obtaining commodities for them few were willing to receive them after 1779, and in 1780, when Congress declared itself bankrupt and unable even to reiterate its most solemn pledges of redemption of old and provision of new issues, they disappeared from circulation. True, an attempt was made to wipe out thirty-nine out of every forty dollars of obligation; but what remained was merely another form of unsupported paper. The suffering must have been intense. With wheat at twenty-five dollars a bushel, and all things else in proportion, what was a salary of one hundred and forty dollars a month? The assistant quartermasters were charged with depreciating the money, because they offered such high wages to meet an emergency. Then it was said that the Department pocketed huge sums, because the extravagant prices quoted could not possibly be real. In 1778 and 1779 every letter coming to Greene from his many agents was burdened with a demand for "a large supply of cash." The sending of parcels of a hundred thousand dollars did not meet the case, for the "money" had fallen in value before it could reach its destination and could not meet the original amount of the debt. In October, 1779, Col. Hay found that a whole year's salary was required to pay for a suit of clothes. Poor pay produced poor service. A distemper prevailed among the horses near Fishkill, and the farrier, "after a tolerably decent flogging," ran away. To pay one corps of claimants produced discontent in others, and precipitated heavy demands for settlement, which could not be met. Artificers, smiths, and wheelwrights struck from time to time for higher pay, and transportation ceased at times for want of a little ready money. It is a striking picture, and deserves careful study, both for the exposition of economic fallacy and the full display of the horrors of war. The calendars show accuracy and method, and the Society has done well to encourage their publication.

—The first volume of the writings of James Madison has been published in the Putnam series under the editorship of Gaillard Hunt. Madison's correspondence has a value peculiar to itself, for it forms one of the most minute and detailed records of events and policies which have come down to us. Throughout his life he was making notes for the information of others. With his first entrance into the Continental Congress in 1780, he became the constant correspondent of Jefferson, Randolph, and Pendleton. Later in life he formed close friendships with Washington and Hamilton. He took notes of the debates in the Congress, digested them for these friends, and told a consecutive story of what was done and said. His debates of the Constitutional Convention are the best sources of information on that notable assembly; and wherever he was, the habit of recording passing events dominated him. He lived a life of comparative calm, and the activity around him interested and amused him, and even enabled him to play a part. But it is as a closet politician he will best be known, as a man who could draw distinctions so fine as to be misinterpreted by his friends as well as by his opponents.

—To edit his writings a wide knowledge and high accuracy are demanded of the editor. Mr. Hunt seems to possess both of these qualities, and his first volume gives promise of a task well performed. He has wisely included the entire debates in the Continental Congress of 1782-'83, which were accessible only in Gilpin, and has used the correspondence of that period as footnotes where the letters were needed to explain the text. He has found some new letters to Pendleton, some reports made to the Continental Congress, and prints in full the important instructions to Jay. By referring to the manuscript, he has been able to make

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good the many omissions of the editor of the 'Writings of Madison'—omissions of no little importance, and troublesome to the reader because not indicated. For one example, in 1780 Madison was so pressed for money that he wrote to his father, "Unless liberal principles prevail on this occasion, I shall be under the necessity of selling a negro." Mr. Hunt has not hesitated to apply to others for aid in his notes, and Mr. Phillips identifies for him a map described by Madison. He might have included the 'Observations on the Influence of Vermont' and a letter to Jefferson of May 5, 1781. It is to be regretted that he had not access to the McGuire collection, where the original drafts of the letters included in the 'Madison Papers' were to be found. The letters to Randolph on pp. 132 and 133 were both written in 1782, not in 1781; and the name of the general scratched by Madison (p. 379) was in all probability Gates, as a paper by Rufus King shows. It is true, Hamilton suggests Knox, and Jefferson hints at Steuben; but their relations with Washington would have prevented such a plot.

—There is nowhere else in the world to-day so large a number of English-speaking men among whom the dwellers in large cities are proportionately so few, as there are in the eleven States which formerly constituted the Southern Confederacy. Of their nineteen million inhabitants, less than one million three hundred thousand, or about one in every sixteen, live in cities of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants. In the other thirty-four States of the Union there are more than eighteen million urban residents, and these constitute nearly one-third of the entire population. As we have already pointed out, during the last decade the Southern cities grew but very little more rapidly than the rural districts of the same States, and the percentage of the total population residing in cities of over twenty-five thousand inhabitants, which was 6.52 in 1890, is but 6.77 in 1900. In the rest of the country the proportion of urban residents rose during the decade from 29.30 to 32.58 per cent. It is possible that when the figures for the smaller cities are made public, it may appear that the recent growth of manufactures in the South has led to the building up of a number of towns with between four thousand and twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The statistics for Alabama and Arkansas, which are now available, do not indicate, however, any marked movement in that direction. The fact that so small a proportion of the residents of the South live in cities perhaps accounts for its relatively large rate of natural increase. The eleven States of the former Confederacy probably gained little, either by immigration from abroad or from the other sections of this country, yet in the last ten years their total population has increased at a slightly greater ratio than that of the other thirty-four States, although those other States have received probably nineteen-twentieths of the nearly four millions of immigrants who during the decade have come into the country.

—Since 1890 the Southern States have grown at the rate of 20.82, the other States at the rate of 19.91 per cent. The rate of increase in these eleven Southern States is almost precisely what it was in the preceding decade, the falling-off having been less than one-tenth of one per cent., while in the North the reduction has been over 6 per cent., or from 26.02 to 19.91 per cent. About 3 per cent. of this falling-off is due to the decrease in immigration during the decade. The rest seems to be attributable to a steady lowering of the birth-rate, and probably to some increase in the death-rate. If there has been any increase in the latter, it is, of course, due to the fact that a larger proportion of the population now live in cities, in which the mortality is heavier than it is in the country regions, and not to any increase in the death-rate of particular cities. For years past the political conditions in the eleven States under discussion have been abnormal. They have representation in the House of Representatives and in the electoral college in proportion to their aggregate population, and yet one-third or more of that population is in law or in fact, or in both, absolutely disfranchised. Outside of East Tennessee, some portions of western North Carolina and western Virginia, practically all the population which has the franchise belongs to one political party, with which all these States habitually vote in national as well as in local elections. The fact that in these States population is growing as fast as it is in the rest of the country, and even a little faster, shows that the problems arising from their political conditions are not likely soon to lose their practical importance.

—The census of 1900 gives New Hampshire 411,588 inhabitants. The population has a little more than doubled in a century. At the first national census in 1790 it was 141,097; in 1800, 182,998. The present figures do not altogether bear out the expectations entertained a hundred years ago, based upon the extraordinary growth which had marked the previous decades in spite of the active part taken by the people in the Revolutionary struggle. We read in Guthrie's 'New System of Modern Geography' (first American edition, Philadelphia, 1795, vol. ii., pp. 346-7), apropos of Dartmouth College: "This seminary possesses an immense landed property, extending to eighty thousand acres. . . . The revenues arising from these lands are at present but an hundred and forty pounds currency. In less than sixty years, it is probable that New Hampshire and Vermont will be as populous as England, or very near it [this refers to the population per square mile, let us hope]. The value of these lands will then rise in proportion. At five shillings sterling per acre, which will, by that time, have become a very moderate rent, these lands will then produce twenty thousand pounds sterling per annum. Such a prodigious revenue, if divided between twenty or thirty professors [there were three professors and two tutors in 1792], may injure if not ruin the college of Dartmouth, as far as regards every purpose of public utility. . . . It is the duty, therefore, of the Legislature of New-Hampshire, to guard against the absurdity of bestowing upon a professor, so immense a regular salary, as to place him beyond the necessity of attending, in the strictest manner, to the duties of his office."

—Primarily Mr. Richard Harding Davis's 'With Both Armies in South Africa' (Scribners) is a record of personal experience. Incidentally, it is a forcefully presented argument concerning the war in South Africa, well calculated to stagger even the established opinions of those whom Mr. Davis declares to have been "misinformed and blinded by a propaganda against the Boer, a manipulation of press and Parliament which has never been equalled in dexterity of misrepresentation nor audacity of untruth." Mr. Davis admits that his prejudgment was decidedly pro-English, though his sympathies were with the "under dog." His present position results from personal contact with, and personal investigation of, both sides. His verdict is, that the Transvaal war was "Murder, with intent to rob." This, like the preceding quotation, and some other statements in the book, might be pronounced hysterical. A thoughtful perusal of the work, whether or no its conclusions be accepted, disabuses the reader's mind of any idea of hysteria. Mr. Davis gives us a panorama of life with the English column in Natal, the relief of Ladysmith, and again of life with the burghers in the Free State, and with the officials in Pretoria. All is picturesque, not a little is dramatic. He thus pictures the entrance of Buller's relieving column into Ladysmith: "You must imagine the dry, burning heat, the fine, yellow dust, the white glare of the sunshine, and in the heat and glare and dust the great interminable column of men in ragged khaki crowding down the main street, 22,000 strong, cheering and shouting, with the sweat running off their red faces and cutting little rivulets in the dust that caked their cheeks." Equally vivid and dramatic, though of another character, is the picture of a group of burghers who, after their defeat at Sand River, "stood immovable, leaning on their rifles, silent, homeless, looking down without rage or show of feeling at the great waves of khaki sweeping steadily towards them, and possessing their land."

—Though not strictly a contribution to bird-literature, Mr. Maurice Thompson's 'My Winter Garden' (The Century Co.) should be read by all bird-lovers. The writer of these essays combines in a singular manner a genuine delight in the study of bird-life and an overweening passion for shooting the objects of his admiration. The fact that he carries no deadly gun, but a long bow made of seasoned yew, with which he more often misses than not, may serve to palliate his offences; still, we fancy that members of the Audubon Society who are attracted to these pages by the really fascinating descriptions of Southern birds, will hardly find themselves in sympathy with the lively author. Mr. Thompson writes in the "jocund and intimate style" of Montaigne, to whom one of these essays is devoted. He will do well to stick to studies of birds and flowers and Southern swamps, and spare us such literary criticism as the essay on Theocritus. Life in Louisiana, as Mr. Thompson paints it, is purely idyllic, and we imagine that the Gulf Coast in winter has rarely been more happily described. No aspect of those woods and marshes, teeming with life, has escaped his eye. The Greek Anthology and Horace share his wanderings and appear with his lunch, but the literary criticism lacks sincerity. These touches, the quotations from Meleager, the reflections on Keats and Tennyson, are there for effect. But in his impassioned tale of the adventures of a purple Louisiana egret with a hawk, or when he studies the brutal tactics of the butcher-bird or the mocking-bird's "dropping-song," his powers of observation and of expression are at their best; and, in his own field, Mr. Thompson's best is very good indeed.

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A CHEERFUL FAILURE.

Letters of Thomas Edward Brown. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols.

Letters, apart from their original private use, may be of value as illustrating manners, chiefly of the past, or otherwise contributing to history; as exemplars of style, most cultivated in more leisurely ages, and especially in France; as essential elements of biography, in the case of famous or important men, anything concerning whom is supposed to be of interest; or, rarely, as revealing in obscurer writers a personality worth knowing and otherwise missed by the public. Mr. Brown's letters belong to this last class, for he had no renown, except in a small way as a minor poet.

A Manxman, born in 1830, he became a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, in 1849, and a fellow of Oriel in 1854; married in 1857; taught in his native isle 1856-'62, then for a short time at Gloucester, where Henley was his pupil, and at Clifton (Bristol) till 1892, when he settled at Ramsey in Man. These facts, or some of them, are given grudgingly in an "Introductory Memoir," which is rather laudatory than enlightening as to externals, and practically ends with his going to Clifton. All else, it says, "must be left to the letters to tell," and they tell as little as may be of concrete details—house, income, family, and the like. Four-fifths of them were written in the nineties, and Brown was no egotist. He was sundry other and better things, and far from the common type of clerical schoolmaster. He spoke, indeed, of "schoolmastering" as "but a sorry business," and of "a life steadfastly or normally rebellious against the calling to which circumstances had compelled" him. Mr. Irwin, in the Memoir, says: "It was known that Brown rather resented his calling, and it was generally believed that he was ineffective and indifferent as a teacher"; but he thinks the boys knew better. Brown, however, seldom reviled his lot, and was as far from mental dyspepsia as from hypocrisy. Priest's orders he took late in life, and in 1896 thus pleasantly discoursed on a topic he rarely mentions:

"Sir, you don't take any notice of my 'pastoral care.' Two parishes (I have told you) depend on my vigilance; two congregations of 'hungry sheep look up and are not fed,' save with such orts as a very shabby divinity can supply. But, if they look up hungry, they look up kindly; I never saw such patient, cheerful mortals. No doubt 'they're marching through Emmanuel's ground,' but some odds and ends of doctrinal turnips would not come in amiss. From me 'if aught of oaten stop or pastoral song' can obviate 'the rank mist they draw,' well and good. But I fear me much my 'lean and flashy songs' have an air of the 'scrannel pipe.'"

And again, six weeks before his end, in 1897:

"On Sunday last I preached at St. Matthew's, Douglas. For strength very well indeed, but as regards whether matter or manner, quite deplorably, the merest midden of wild rhetoric. That is what I am becoming."

It seems plain that Brown might have accomplished more than he did, and risen to greater earthly heights than he attained. (He declined an archdeaconry.) If he was not of the stuff whereof bishops and deans are usually made, he had mental equipment galore, and a geniality, a cheerful interest in people and things (barring school routine), which might have carried him far. But he was an unworldly man, careless of place and pay; a looker-on in Venice; a humorous dreamer, rather than a doer of deeds or seeker after success. "Reading and writing poetry, seeing or writing to his friends, taking long solitary walks, were to him satisfying pursuits; for common ambitions he had no use." His cloth, his classes, his scholarship, sat upon him lightly; none of them could monopolize him. His was the old choice, not often so sincerely made, or so happily realized as in his later years: give him a cot, a crust, and liberty, his inward resources could supply the rest. He loved alike nature, human nature, and books, from Homer to Stevenson and Kipling. He delighted in his native scenery, and at sixty-six, having overtaxed his strength, lamented: "It's no use living if I can't walk and climb cliffs." It gave him equal joy to discover an old Manx ballad, or a Latin hymn about Virgil, "said to have been sung at Mantua in the Mass of St. Paul, and preserved in Daniel's *Thesaurus:*

> "Living if I could have found thee,
> How I would have loved and crowned thee,
> Chief of poets, ever dear!"

or to light upon a French version of Colley Cibber's play, "Love's Last Shift," with the too literal title, "La dernière chemise de l'Amour."

His literary judgments are sometimes acute, and seldom so wide of the mark as that on 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Mr. Crockett, he thought, had "a tidy notion of advertising himself," and, like Ian Maclaren, was in some works "Scotch to a degree that would choke you." Regarding Scott, he is of the orthodox old school. "'The Fortunes of Nigel,' for instance. Fancy having that before one still! Fancy dying without having read it; going into the presence of your Maker and being compelled to such a confession!" This next is perhaps not meant too seriously:

"The idea grows upon me that the Odyssey is a comedy; in fact, almost a burlesque of the Iliad—not a vulgar burlesque; the Greek mind could never have descended to that. But 'there's odds o' ' 'burlesques'; I 'whiles' get glimpses of quite a celestial travesty, which I suspect is the Odyssey. Undoubtedly, it is full of laughter. Ariosto best helps us to understand this, though I believe there is more of genuine comic vein in the Odyssey."

As to Maupassant, he thinks 'Bel Ami' "one of the most brilliant and annihilating works. A very devil! But, somewhere behind, there is a God, a God that hisses at his own creation and spits upon the hurly-burly that has escaped from his hands." Equally free and more startling are his remarks upon Cowper:

"I am in a state of great excitement about Cowper. Reading him right through, I was more than ever struck with his innumerable felicities. Yet how very terribly he sinks! The style sinks, but still more the thought. I imagined that his fine taste had piloted him through the theological *mare mortuum* of his age and school with comparative safety. But really, it is not so. He is often quite abominable; so rude, so insolent. He sends his antagonists to the devil; literally, if I am not mistaken; tells them to go to h—ll; exults over them, sneers, jeers, jokes. His mildest attitude is a 'sarves them right,' and his idea of God as the owner of some patent sort of peep-show, which, if we don't appreciate, he will d—n our eyes for a set of God knows what, is absolutely Swiftian in its utter vulgarity. What a detestable poison has penetrated his vitals! Mind, it is not the doctrine, but the swagger and infernal rudeness that offend me. The style, too, becomes infected; with all this ghastly machinery of unreason, he takes it upon him to be flippant. Such 'awful mirth' is almost unparalleled in literature."

Surely this is too severe. It has been generally thought that it was "the doctrine," or the gentle poet's apprehension of it, which marred him and some of his work. And Mr. Brown, who, if not precisely gentle, was usually sympathetic, has not elsewhere risen to such heights of savagery as here. But perhaps he was laughing in his sleeve the while—at himself, and the vehemence of his honest wrath, and the extreme of his peppery diction. For he was not exactly a simple person, this secluded poet and master in second-rate schools, nor always easy to understand. As "an old pupil" of his said to Mr. Irwin, "You must not think you know all about Brown because you see so much of him. However intimate he may be with his friends, there is quite another Brown, who takes long solitary walks on the Downs." He confesses this in one of the very few passages that consciously allow a glance into his interior life. His letters are full of familiarity and sparkle—wit, knowledge, affection no less: they give abundantly, but they withhold far more. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. Yet once, in an uncommon mood—

"Surrender yourself to some illusions. What are we but children? Only we don't quite believe in our toys, nor, indeed, can we live upon interludes. Solid fact? Well, that's not far off. Meanwhile illusions, gossamers—keep yourself amused. In my life I have been so much alone, it cannot be helped. Where is the comrade? I never had one. The absolute self is far within, and no one can reach it. I will not cant, but God reaches it, and He only. I used to envy the surface people, obviously happy, and in their happiness all there, so to speak, the full, complete presence of one being to another—no, it is not for men of a certain temperament. Yet we love candor, sincerity, thoroughness, and would fain saturate ourselves with free communication. Poor old Emerson and his over and under soul, he was not far wrong. His friend Carlyle broke down the division habitually—smashed the two souls into one great smudge of discontent. I would not do this. Keep them both going separately."

There is more of this—too much to cite, but worth attention—on page 121 of vol. ii. Once only does he refer to a heavy loss: "My girls are all well and happy, . . . And much of this happiness is reflected upon me. But there is a happiness, a kind of happiness, a *kind* (do I claim too much for it? just a *kind*) which I shall never know again—ah, no! so help me God!" And once only is he forced to something like a correct clerical attitude—or at least a serious tone—upon a point of doctrine:

"You say you don't believe in a future state, but you have 'gleams of hope.' We are all much in the same plight. So was old Jowett, you remember. Implicit believers in the Bible are all right. Independently of revelation, the matter is a question of metaphysics, and a very subtle one. It has beset humanity from the very beginning, and (this is important) you can't lay the ghost. Rest for a moment from the pressing concerns of the present life, and there you are, you and your question. It is the inevitable attitude of the soul, what one might call its obvious native polarity. . . . Metaphysically the balance is in favor of a future state. To a skeptical nature like mine, the *balance* is everything."

He goes on to say that the thinkers, "the great fixed stars of the human race, pondering, reflecting"—"not parsons and such folk"

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—have believed in a hereafter, and that fact ought to count. There are two solid pages of this letter (215, 216 of vol. ii.), and all of it notable. But he did not like to dwell on these themes. An earlier challenge of the kind he would not answer: "Men who go in for 'new religions' must not apply to me," was his comment. His native radical temper found rest in an easy, tolerant conservatism. He had thought these matters over, and "heard great argument about it and about." "Then, drop it" (*i. e.*, metaphysics), is his conclusion. "Religion is distinct, and must never be mixed with it, or even touched by it. You might as well call in algebra."

In truth, he was not fond of the serious vein—in these letters. He preferred dash and sparkle, and talk about Flaubert or Scott, or his friend Hall Caine, or any of a thousand literary topics, or the hills of Man and its peasants, or his last trip in the larger islands, or the affairs of his friends. He was not a "strenuous" person, not of the conquering, pushing type which has the votes just now. In 1894 he could claim it as "somewhat of a distinction at my time of life to have teeth, and teeth that can ache." And a year later he could say, "I grow old naturally, comfortably, easily, and with assent and consent," regardless of the facts that his income was modest and his fame based merely upon five (or rather four) small volumes of verse, mostly in dialect, whereof perhaps the best known was the unsigned 'Fo'c'sle Yarns,' 1881. (These books received "a notice at once discriminating and informing" in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1898, and are now reprinted in one volume by Macmillan.) So unaspiring and ineffective a spirit can hardly be called highly selected; and yet he is not such as should be let wholly die, if only for these letters.

Their friendly and laborious editor (Mr. Sidney T. Irwin, to whom a large proportion of them were addressed) has probably omitted much, and for public use might have suppressed much more. A great deal that is in them is useless, unless to a Manxman or an acquaintance; and they are in general so desultory that one misses the index which is announced for the second edition. Yet modern epistles can scarcely be set treatises in order on solid subjects. In their unconventional frankness, humor, and bonhomie these have a touch of Stevenson—who, to be sure, told more of himself and had more to tell. The two volumes might have been one; but he who makes his way through them, "skipping the hard parts," will find much that is far from commonplace, and the signs throughout of a man worth adding to one's circle.

BAIRD'S BEZA.

Theodore Beza; The Counsellor of the French Reformation. By Henry Martyn Baird. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This biography of Theodore Beza should attract notice among historians by reason of both author and subject. Not only is Professor Baird widely known through his learned and extensive works on the French Reformation, but until now a suitable Life of Beza, in English, has been wanting. To one who has published six volumes on the Huguenots, such a book might have presented itself in the light of a by-product to be lightly composed out of materials accumulated for another purpose. Fortunately, however, Professor Baird does not deal with the career of Beza as a mere pendant to the history of the Huguenots. He makes it an independent subject, and writes with all the care which an unknown student might bestow upon his first publication.

The idea that Beza is dwarfed by the eminence of Calvin must be held largely responsible for the neglect which he has received from recent English historians of the Reformation. Yet he is no more an understudy to Calvin than Melanchthon is to Luther, and in range of singular experiences he goes far beyond any other Protestant minister of the sixteenth century. References to him abound in general treatises, but at most they convey partial information and leave the story of his life unhackneyed. At this time of day, the erudite historian usually gains his rank by superior grasp of well-worn topics or periods. It is seldom that a specialist like Professor Baird finds to his hand a theme so important and so unappropriated.

The striking characteristic of Beza's life is the multiplicity of its interests, the variety of its occupations, the international scope of its activities. A comparison between the Calvinist preacher and that desperado of Italian humanism, Filelfo, may seem far-fetched, but there is at least one marked point of resemblance between the two. The extraordinary, and in a sense romantic, fortunes of Filelfo show what a boundless field for adventure lay open to a master of Greek literature during the age of the Renaissance in Italy. The serious and reputable labors of Beza cannot hide the fact that the age of the Reformation afforded a like opportunity for securing widespread fame by unusual exploits. Filelfo was an unswerving egotist, Beza the apostle of a new church; but while the one was more than a pedant, the other was more than a theologian. Each by his hold on active life disclosed the nature of the chances which Renaissance and Reformation alike opened up to men of talent.

A comparison of Beza with other religious leaders of the sixteenth century goes far towards explaining his peculiar place in the Reformation and the quality of his more noted achievements. In the matter of social standing he had the advantage of Luther, Melanchthon, Zwingli, and Calvin. He was probably a more accurate scholar than any of them, with the exception of Melanchthon. At Paris, in his youth, he had a share of gay and Bohemian pleasures which the other reformers of his rank never knew. He tried his hand at poetry of the most secular order. He became a gentleman of breeding and fine manners. Accordingly, it is not surprising that, after he turned preacher, he should have been less hateful to the Romanist aristocracy of France than other heretical chieftains were. It would be a mistake to suppose that Beza was a great court favorite who made Calvinism popular by espousing it, but the life he led prior to his conversion, at the age of twenty-nine, gave him address in the dispatch of worldly business. Whereas most of the reformers had been priests (or else, like Calvin and Socinus, were theologians by instinct), Beza, during his early years, knew much more about action than about contemplation. When he deserted the Roman faith and left France, he did not lose the fruits of his education, and in the era of the Counter-Reformation he became the trained ambassador of Calvinism. Indeed, in him the Protestants had their one envoy of prominence at a time when the Jesuits were carrying the fine art of diplomacy past the point which it had reached among Italian politicians.

Prof. Baird gives a brief but sufficient account of Beza's ancestry, of his intellectual and moral indebtedness to Melchior Wolmar, and of his *Juvenilia*. The levity of these poems distressed Beza the preacher, just as Pius II. was grieved by the remembrance of what Aeneas Sylvius had written; but Professor Baird seems a little overanxious to redeem them from the reproach of indelicacy. Beza had a strong and enthusiastic disposition. When a lad, scholarship became his passion, although Wolmar developed in him the religious sense which afterwards took him over to Calvinism. The *Juvenilia* are exactly the verses which, in Beza's words, a devotee of Ovid and Catullus might compose. Only we must remember the epigram which Muretus placed on the fly-leaf of the first Aldine edition of Catullus—his own copy of a work which he had edited:

> "Quisquis versibus exprimit Catullum,
> Raro moribus exprimit Catonem."

Beza outlived and lived down the vagaries of his classical phase, but for that very reason they may as well be fully recognized.

It is doubtful whether in pure literature or pure scholarship Beza would ever have accomplished anything of remarkable merit without the spur of a religious impulse. Certainly his importance dates from the moment when he joined the Calvinist body. What he took over to the Reformed Church was learning, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a vigorous personality. With 1548, the year of his conversion, the chronological relations of his life assume fresh meaning. Luther and Zwingli were dead, the Jesuit order had been founded and approved, the opening sessions of the Council of Trent had been held, the Protestants of the Schmalkalden League had just been overwhelmed by the Emperor, the English Reformation was entering a new portion of its course with the reign of Edward VI., and Calvin, firmly seated at Geneva, was giving that ancient town of the Allobroges a celebrity which it had never before possessed. Yet, while the Reformation was so far advanced elsewhere, in France it had not reached the critical stage. The nobles still remained untouched by it; the rivals of François de Guise and the Cardinal de Lorraine had not determined to transfer their enmity from the political to the religious sphere.

Closely connected with the date of Beza's conversion is the exceptional length of his life. He survived Calvin by forty-one years, witnessed the progress and end of the religious wars in France, lamented the apostasy of Henry IV., and rejoiced at the Edict of Nantes. Calvin died at a dangerous moment for the Reformed Church and for Protestantism—just when the Council of Trent had dispersed, after giving the blade of Catholicism a keen and biting edge. Until the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War the issue stood as one between the Jesuits and Geneva. At the head of the Genevan Church, Beza rallied the forces of his faith in the dark days of Jarnac and Moncontour, during Alva's term of carnage in the Low Countries, and after St. Bartholomew. Professor Baird, who insists strongly on the unbroken continuity of Calvin's work in Beza's hand, says:

"Calvin had well selected his colleague

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and successor. As unsparing of himself, as indefatigable in labor, as devoted to the interests of the faith which he had embraced as was his master, Beza of all men living was best qualified to carry out what Calvin had initiated. Geneva and the world hardly realized the change when the direction of affairs passed, after a comparatively brief interval, from the hands of the one to the other. For Beza, while no blind partisan and no servile imitator, had heartily accepted the system of Calvin, and had become so thoroughly imbued with his spirit that there was no perceptible break in the influence which emanated from the little city upon the Rhone."

We pass by the nine years of Beza's professorship at Lausanne, 1549-58, with a single reference, namely, to his pamphlet on 'The Punishment of Heretics.' The burning of Servetus, sanctioned by the Romanists and by Melanchthon, had drawn from Sebastian Castellion a noble vindication of religious tolerance. "Who," he asks, "would wish to be a Christian when he sees men that lay claim to that designation dragged to execution and treated more cruelly than we treat thieves and robbers? Who would not believe that Christ is a Moloch or some pitiless divinity demanding human sacrifices upon his altars?" Beza lost no time in defending orthodoxy against humanity, and his words may be taken to represent the abstract view which both the Reformed and Lutheran Churches held regarding the treatment of heretics:

"Those who think that heretics ought not to be punished are attempting to introduce into the Church of God the most pestilent of all opinions, a view that conflicts with the doctrine first given by God the Father, subsequently renewed by Christ, and finally practised by the universal orthodox Church by perpetual consent. . . . Such men appear to act more absurdly than if they were to deny that sacrilegious persons or parricides ought to be punished; since heretics are infinitely worse than all such criminals."

The execution of Spifame for adultery in 1566 caused more adverse comment than the burning of Servetus had done, but in this case, too, Beza did not flinch from defending what he thought to be the just and logical course.

Professor Baird devotes the bulk of his volume to the part which Beza took in the religious strife of Europe from 1558 to 1574—a period of particular moment in the affairs of France, where, from the date of the first Huguenot synod to the organization of the League, religious hatred grew constantly more bitter. These are but sixteen years out of eighty-six, yet the most vital part of Beza's work falls within them. His great rôle was that of ambassador, and he exercised his widest influence in the days when a pacification of the Gallican Church still seemed possible. Prior to his famous journey of 1561, which resulted in the Colloquy of Poissy, his experience in negotiation had been gained largely from two missions, the first to Paris, 1556-57, on behalf of the Vaudois, and the second to the court of Navarre at Nérac in 1560. Each of these occasions would be worth further mention were it not dwarfed by the Colloquy of Poissy, a meeting which recalls the Regensburg Conference of 1541, and that alone among the many theological gatherings of the sixteenth century. The discussion at Regensburg probably represents a more candid feeling on both sides, but the Colloquy of Poissy was outwardly more impressive, and presented a more practical, because a less extensive, issue.

We cannot examine the motive of Catherine de Médicis, who brought together the princes of Valois, the cardinals of France, the chief civil functionaries of the realm, and other notables to hear what explanation a pastor of the Reformed Church like Beza could give of his creed. Whether the Queen Mother's act was prompted by a sincere desire for peace or was only a subterfuge, is a question which does not affect the position of Beza in the hour of his plea for the Huguenots. Professor Baird ranks the Colloquy of Poissy among the critical events of the French Reformation, and Beza, by issuing from the test with credit, established a lasting reputation for clearness of speech, coolness of temper, and perfect courage. He faced the kind of assembly which had caused Luther to stammer at Worms, and if for sustained dialectic the performance of Lainez at Trent may be thought more remarkable, no single session of the Council could have been such an ordeal as the Colloquy of Poissy. How many persons in Europe could, with perfect self-possession and dignity of mien, have spoken thus to six cardinals and a room full of Romanist princes: "We say that His body is as far removed from the bread and wine as the highest heaven is removed from the earth"?

Professor Baird says comparatively little about Beza's position at Geneva after 1574, or about his relations with the French Reformation after the death of Charles IX. Instead of piecing out a biographical epitome from this point, he considers several topics which involve the extent of Beza's theological influence and activities. The most important of these general chapters with which the book closes are entitled, "The English Reformation," "Controversial Writings," and "The Huguenot Psalter." Professor Baird ranks Clément Marot lower than M. Douen has done, though he considers Marot possessed of a purer poetical gift than that of Beza:

"Yet it is not unreasonable to look for a more adequate treatment of religious themes at the hands of a writer in full and lasting sympathy with their high truths, than at the hands of a poet whose religious feelings are either shallow or evanescent. As Beza could enter more easily than Marot into the devotional spirit of the Hebrew original, so there are psalms or parts of psalms which have been rendered by him with a dignity approaching to grandeur, with a dignity which the most prejudiced critic must confess is unsurpassed in anything from the pen of Marot."

We recur to our original statement that Professor Baird's life of Beza merits attention because the subject, besides being an eminent one, is not yet exhausted for English readers, and because the narrative has been written with thoroughness by an approved master of Huguenot history.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Worldlings. By Leonard Merrick. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A Furnace of Earth. By Hallie Erminie Rives. New York: The Camelot Co.

St. Peter's Umbrella. By Kálmán Mikszáth. Translated from the Hungarian by B. W. Worswick. Harper & Brothers.

The Girl and the Governor. By Charles Warren. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Expatriates. By Lilian Bell. Harper & Brothers.

A Woman of Yesterday. By Caroline A. Mason. Doubleday, Page & Co.

North Carolina Sketches. By Mary Nelson Carter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Northern Georgia Sketches. By Will N. Harben. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The Girl at the Halfway House. By E. Hough. D. Appleton & Co.

'The Worldlings,' a story founded on the old theme of a man's personation of a dead acquaintance, is not all old in its carrying out, but contains sundry original situations and one or two original characters. The heroine and her mother come near to being new types. Its wild improbability does not interfere with the interest of the story, particularly as the telling goes marching on in a manner that would make readable a far less interesting tale. The hero is the most impossible feature of the novel, but is excusable inasmuch as he has to be many pegs on which to hang many strange events. The sin—if sin it be—of unlikelihood is readily forgiven to a story whose writer has the gifts of dramatic conception and of subtle skill in creating character; the more readily that the sin of dulness is admirably wanting.

'A Furnace of Earth' is earthy and unnecessary; but, in reviewing it, it is necessary to say that there is one true and human page in it, the page that holds Margaret's prayer for her sick lover. As to the motive of the story, it would have been much wiser for Margaret to take her doubts to her mother, had she had anything so conventional as a mother, than to give them to a writer of novels for public exploitation. The New Testament counsel as to the privacy of prayer holds good for the settling of many scruples. But the modern way is to forget the last half of the instructions. It is emphatically the day of the "open door" in fiction. If anything could o'ertop the matter of this book, it is its manner. We make a few elegant extracts in order that, in furnishing a moment's amusement, the volume may not have lived in vain. Margaret in the chapel is oppressed by the "pewed calm." Daunt (the hero, not a verb) rides away under the "passionate foliage." Margaret's blood "coursed drummingly," and her "mood struck through her." She "tossed her hands above her head, the wrists dropping crosswise upon the shearing pillow of her flame-washed hair." Again, she "lay huddled against the welter of bed-clothes, silent, inert, pearl-pale spots on her cheeks like gray-white smothers of foam over fretting rocks." Later, she slipped to the floor and buried her face in the "fleecy cuddle." "Fleering rain" is naturally followed by a sky of "tranquil baby-blue," and we should suppose that a "violescent gossamer" if persisted in might lead to yellowescent peril or literature, the more that, as "an icy-frost had silvered her soul," that much-disciplined organ seems to fall below the monometallism that all true souls require.

'St. Peter's Umbrella' introduces to English readers a Hungarian novelist who, in his own country, ranks with Jokai in popularity. His forte is said to be the *conte*, and it is no drawback to enjoyment of this refreshingly crisp and amusing romance that the reader feels toward it as toward a larger short story. Rather is he conscious of an unwonted chuckle of the brain at the author's knack at portraits (many of them curios for the English reader), his un-

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quenchable feeling for the absurd, his unsentimental pathos, his unexpectedness of device, his resilient manner.

The series of stories entitled 'The Girl and the Governor' are to politics what Van Bibber's stories are to slumming; which is to say that they are ingenious, entertaining, sentimental under the guise of scorn of sentiment, highly imaginative under the guise of a stenographic accuracy. The tricks of low politicians are shown under an electric glare; those of the exalted ones under rosy wax-candle light—and he who reads may choose. But why did Mrs. Holland, in her reformatory zeal to separate two lovers, so arrange her dinner-table as to have four guests on one side and two on the other?

'The Expatriates' is a study in black and white, where black stands for France and white for America. The cowards who disgraced themselves at the Bazar de la Charité; the poltroons who saved themselves alone on the *Bourgogne*, the anti-Dreyfusards, are taken as representative France, and the private villanies of all the men, women, and girls of Paris are in keeping with these public depravities. As the American heroine says to some abominable young Parisian girls, "You make my heart ache with the utter decadence of your point of view." Into this abandoned Paris come whooping a party of Chicagoans and Nevadans with Southern blood in their veins, pure of heart, and slangy of speech, who, to their undoing, penetrate the Faubourg St. Germain, but eventually return to America, paterfamilias declaring that the "honest rascality of American business methods that I've fought all my life is like the teaching of the Bible compared to the slipperiness of the French." His experiences in Paris, we are bound to add, quite justified the remark. The few and only American sinners reform or die in triumphant repentance. The heroine is one of those girls of whom the woods of fiction are full, who have the world, from diplomats to gamins, not only at their feet, but also in the hollow of their hand. We have always found it hard to reconcile the popularity of these girls, their indispensability, even, to Providence, with their feeling that nobody loves them—bushels of roses, but no real affection. However, as they persist in fiction, either they are real or they will become so. Rose Hollenden saves the lives of cats and horses, and the souls of men and women. She reads Spanish war bulletins aloud to listening crowds in the streets of Paris; she demands and obtains a salute to the American flag from diplomats, Spanish and otherwise, at an official function, making brave men shiver at her daring. She can ride and drive unmanageable horses even when her French groom deserts her in danger. She understands machinery and first aid to the wounded; she can cook hard-tack in thirty ways, and she can wheedle President McKinley into giving her a paper signed, "but fortunately not addressed to any one," which asks the military authorities to give the bearer in the President's name "anything she wishes." (*Fi, donc, M. le Président!* was that strictly professional?) Her patriotism as described by herself "goes from ancestry back to atavism, and from atavism to protoplasm, and has its cube root in infinity." Her lover has as saving a talent as herself. He saves a falsely accused horse-thief in Arizona and a score or so of lives at the Charity Bazaar. He is always at the elbow of the heroine in distress, or in a tutelary cab behind her. He avenges an insult offered her, by a duel in which, with the unerring aim of fiction, he shoots away the offending Frenchman's pet vanity—sundry fingers of his beautiful hands—and crowns the feat by telling without looking just the joints where the bullets went in and out. Hero and heroine united should make a strong partnership as a life-saving station with a sub-tendency to scratch, bite, and mutilate their adversaries. From this foot infer the Hercules. It remains, however, to say that among much pinchbeckery of patriotism there are some sensible suggestions as to Paris considered as a home for Americans, and some utterances of a sage, sound and true country-love, notably in the hero's declaration of faith, where he seems to realize that, as Lowell says, "our healing is . . . not in monarchies, or aristocracies or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity."

In 'A Woman of Yesterday' may be found a protracted and sombre, but catholic and not uninteresting study of the New England conscience and its theological calendar. It rises in strictest Calvinism, brightens into broader orthodoxy, beams in a pure and altruistic Socialism, and sets in self-immolation and Indian missions. The heroine, the mortal frame in which this conscience is enshrined, is ably drawn; her humanness and her scruples sitting on her so consistently as to make her completely alive, spite of her story-book saintliness. The Evangelist is more factitious in his imposing magnetism, but several of the minor characters are admirably real, as, the little lady preacher "stepping out into the fulness" and on the jauntiest possible terms with Providence.

The two small volumes of Southern sketches, done by different hands, but twins in their pretty outward garb, form a thoroughly pleasing addition to our national picture-gallery. The woman's art is that of the skilled photographer, choosing artistically and reproducing faithfully, rather than originating combinations. The man's is more dramatic in grouping and composition. In these the reader finds stories on a Southern background; in those, the South itself is the thing, the story an accessory. Both are excellently made in their differing ways; and both, in their fidelity to life, language, and landscape, furnish agreeable easychair journeys.

'The Girl at the Halfway House' is a useful contribution to the history of our Western frontier, written from a somewhat unusual point of view. While the dismal and the dreadful receive full justice, there is, furthermore, recognition of the pioneer's glorying in the "perfervid time" of the "frank barbarity of the cattle days"—an "unorganized day of waste and riotousness," a day with a fascination for "every virile, daring nature." When Ellisville becomes respectable and sinks back into the interior, the hero feels a wild yearning to follow the frontier till the West shall "sink into the sea, and even then to follow until he come to some Fortunate Islands, where such glorious days should die no more." It is the tale, not only of striving and suffering and starving and killing, but of that enthusiastic feeling for primitive savagery that we know is at the back of every man's brain. A chapter on the "Christmas of the Great Cold" contains one of the most striking pictures in a book which affords many. Their effectiveness, to be sure, is not infrequently hindered by a style which suggests the sunny South rather than the cowboy's West. Mary Ellen "stood as natural and as beautiful, as fit and seemly, as the antelope upon the hill; as well poised and sure, her head as high and free, her hold upon life apparently as confident." And Ned Franklin "could not understand the sickening thought that he did not arrive, that his assertion did not convince, that his desire did not impinge."

The Individual: A Study of Life and Death. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. D. Appleton & Co. 1900. 8vo, pp. 351.

Thinkers of to-day, as compared with those of thirty years ago, are much more disposed to look at matters in a spiritualistic light, and considerably less opposed to the acceptance of personal immortality, and are anxious to have the question further sifted. So that, when a naturalist of such standing as Professor Shaler, a pupil of Louis Agassiz, too—a warrant that he must have examined sympathetically into the idealizing aspects of the question—produces a book about individual life and death, he may be sure of being read attentively. The book is interesting throughout. Many of its multitude of suggestive ideas light up this thing or that by the side of the road enchantingly. The reader will rise from his perusal feeling that he knows more of human nature than he did when he sat down, and that, too, of an encouraging and warming kind. Vileness will not seem to him so rife as it had seemed. But if one expects to find the question handled with the grasp of a master, he will be disappointed. At critical points it is almost timid, as if the author's scieptific reputation had to be considered, or, may be, some responsibility connected with Harvard University. At any rate, we do not seem to have been brought one inch nearer to an opinion about personal immortality. The style and accuracy of statement can best be judged by a specimen:

"A man does not derive the muscular strength he may use in battle from the fight; he has probably gained it in some kind of profitable labor. His courage, his obedience, his endurance in the trials of a campaign are not bred in it; they are the product of his whole life, and that of his ancestors, who gave him his nature and nurture. Men must have in them all the qualities that go to make the soldier before they approach the business of war. All that discipline does is to give a certain mechanical readiness for duty; it makes practically nothing of the soldierly quality.

"Those who doubt the statements just made should look over the history of European states. They would see that the most soldierly people of that continent are the Swiss, who for a hundred years have hardly felt the touch of war. Yet judges of what makes the fighting man, feel that at any moment they would give an admirable account of themselves. Their martial nature, born of national independence and hard, patient labor, with a simple military training to give it embodiment, is enough to deter the greedy folk about them from disturbing their repose. Just beside Switzerland, that has bred its soldiers in enduring peace, we see the French, a folk of endless warring, where hardly a generation in a thousand years but has known campaigns.

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We hear from them the martial note in their worship of arms and the glory that arms may win; in their trust to the test of battle for the decision of all-important personal and national matters. Surely, if a people gain in the higher qualities by the uses of war, we should find the profit here; for rarely if ever before in the history of man has there been so admirable a chance for this schooling to do its work. What do we find as the result of this age-long process of developing the higher virtues: courage, high-mindedniess, patriotic self-devotion, the things for which we pay with the lives of our best youth?"

If a touch of exaggeration can be detected here and there in this passage, it is no more than a just sampling of the book would yield.

Professor Shaler ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the present state of chemistry, physics, and dynamics, in their general and geological aspects, but he does not seem to aim at particularly precise statements about these matters. Thus, he tells us, p. 11, that "the worst stumbling-block in our endeavor to found our theory of the universe on the supposition that it is throughout an expression of energy," is action at a distance; while, in fact, it was from action at a distance that the conception of energy was derived, and there it is most readily applied. On p. 14 we are told that "from the point of view of our present inquiry, the characteristic feature of the ether is that it is undifferentiated." By this he seems to mean that it does not consist of atoms; but it has been generally supposed to do so, and with some reason. Indeed, the question whether it is not a chemical substance is on the tapis. On p. 9 gravitation is called a mode of energy, and is said to be proportional to the number of atoms there may be in any aggregate, and inversely proportional to the distance. It is rather proportional to the sum of the atomic masses—that is, to the total mass acting upon the particle considered—than to the number of atoms. As the word gravitation is used by astronomers, it is an acceleration, not a mode of energy. The energy of gravitation is greater the greater the distance of the pair of gravitating masses. Would not this be understood to be denied in saying that it is "inversely proportional to the distance"? On p. 2 we are told that atoms are commonly held to be permanent units, which hardly represents the present prevalent opinion of astro-chemists and chemical physicists. On p. 75 the fact that the sum of the energy is constant seems to be given as a reason for not admitting that an atom is a centre of energy. We will not criticise this, because we do not know that we can extract any meaning from it. There are many other passages equally little calculated to impress the physicist with the author's soundness.

But it is in the biological and still more the human parts of this work that the expression becomes clear and the observations interesting. It gives the reflections of a geologist and naturalist approaching old age upon human life and death—not at all, however, those of a typical geologist and naturalist, but one of marked peculiarities; a sharp observer, who has evidently always been much interested in individual men and women, and in special cases, generally. No doubt, the author seems to himself to have put forward a philosophical theory of the individual, or, at least, contributions towards such a theory. But we will not attempt to give a more exact account of a book whose chief interest lies in its details. Anybody will find it agreeable and readable.

The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama. Three Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. By W. L. Courtney. New York: Brentano's. 1900.

In his preface to these lectures Mr. A. W. Pinero, who was present when they were delivered, describes in slightly florid language their effect on himself as one of the audience. If it be agreeable to listen to a highly colored tribute to one's powers, Mr. Pinero, at any rate, must have enjoyed the last lecture of the series, in which he figures as the hope of modern drama.

With Greek tragedy for a theme, Mr. Courtney is not likely to go far astray, and his first lecture is a clear and, of course, purely popular account of the Greek conception of that duel between an external fate and the individual will which is the prevailing idea of the Greek drama. "Necessity without, liberty within," is Mr. Courtney's phrase. That is, of course, the obvious view current since Schlegel, but it would be incomplete without the recognition of the truly moralist tendency in Greek drama. For the Greek, Nemesis the "Apportioner" was always at hand to punish insolence and to teach men to regard a due proportion. The Greek myths were regularly interpreted in the light of this retributive justice, and the plays of Aeschylus, especially, are a monument to Nemesis. "As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport," cries Gloucester. The Greek did not admit this conception of a wantonly malicious deity.

In modern drama, from Shakspere to Ibsen, individual character is destiny. "None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of Fate. If Judas go forth to-night, it is towards Judas his steps will tend." Maeterlinck's fine saying goes back through Omar and Marcus Aurelius to the weeping philosopher Heracleitus, as Mr. Courtney might have pointed out. What is modern is the particular application of the idea to tragedy. For the main difference between an ancient and a modern tragedy is that in the former we see the *results* of the workings of a personality, in the latter the whole process is laid bare. Mr. Courtney's illustration of his saying that Shakspere "adapted the Gothic spirit to dramatic literature" is of more value to the student of literature than his somewhat trite remarks on the long-standing quarrel between philosophy and poetry and on the obvious weaknesses of Aristotle's definition of Tragedy. Shakspere's was a drama of individuals; he "put the social organism on one side." This, Mr. Courtney points out, would be impossible for a dramatist who, like Ibsen, has envisaged the modern science of sociology and all the problems that it has raised. Mr. Courtney cannot forgive Maeterlinck for "depressing the sense of human vitality and so sinning against humanity. . . . The artist must believe in his work as a free and joyous form of activity, not assuredly as a mere anæsthetic, an anodyne, a mode of sending to sleep a ceaseless grumble of indignation and despair."

Mr. Courtney does not bring precisely this charge against Ibsen, but he does not find him sympathetic. He laments in him the absence of the serene artistic temper, his frequent incoherence, but above all the provincial setting of his plays. At this point, whatever may be one's own estimate of Ibsen, one cannot but dissent from that of Mr. Courtney. In the course of a lengthy attack on the Norwegian drama, he declares that "some regal splendor should belong to those whose ruin is depicted. . . . Some world catastrophe or cosmic ruin should be suggested." The "Enemy of the People" is therefore censured for not having the grand manner of the "Prometheus." When some one protested to Ibsen that there are sound as well as diseased potatoes, he replied, "I am afraid none of the sound potatoes have come under my observation." This despair of humanity is shocking to Mr. Courtney, and that is well enough if he had stopped there. But he goes on to hold up Mr. Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as "a true tragedy in form, management, and style." It seems, then, that to suit Mr. Courtney's notion of sublime tragedy "in purple pall," we need only to transfer our diseased potatoes to London bachelor quarters and the drawing-room of a country house. We are not unfair to Mr. Courtney. He tells us in so many words that we must not look for tragedy in an unfashionable locality, that, in fact, it cannot find a place in South Hampstead, but flourishes in Carlton House Terrace. After this astonishing piece of cockney criticism, his citation of a passage in the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as truly classical and better than anything in Dumas *fils* does not surprise us. We now see the real drift of Mr. Pinero's remark in the preface, that he "feels grateful, when he thinks of Ibsen drinking his daily mug of beer in the Grand Hotel at Christiania, that the tragic idea developed in a larger atmosphere than the smoking-room of a Norwegian hotel." Mr. Pinero's own "masterpiece," Mr. Courtney gives us to understand, has the true tragic atmosphere and surroundings necessary to a picture of cosmic ruin. And so, as we began with Aeschylus, we end with Mr. Pinero, and in the existence of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" we are advised to base any optimism we may share with Mr. Courtney for the future of the drama. This is a most disappointing anti-climax to an interesting series of lectures.

On page 11 Mr. Courtney hashes a line from Wordsworth which we should have thought it impossible to misquote. On page 15 he assumes the existence of a stage for the Athenian drama.

The Temperance Problem and Social Reform. By Joseph Rountree and Arthur Sherwell. Seventh edition. New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba. 1900.

This bulky volume appears to have pleased the English public, since no less than six editions were called for within as many months. It is practically an encyclopædia of the lore concerning the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating drink by Government. In this edition considerable space is given to the experience of a number of the States of our Union. One of the authors visited this country for the purpose of examining our systems, and reports on the working of local option in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Canada; on high license in New York, the dispensary system in South Carolina, and prohibition in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. As to prohibition, it is impossible to resist the conclusion of these authors, that it does not exist—except in the statute-book—in the urban centres of the States where it is nominally maintained.

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Equally irresistible is the inference drawn from these facts. We have seen the gradual abandonment of prohibitory laws in many States, and the failure to enforce them where they still exist—illustrated here by convincing photographs of the exteriors and interiors of saloons in Maine. We have seen the extension of local option, which means prohibition in small towns and license in large ones. The large towns constitute "safety-valves," which relieve the pressure in neighboring communities of smaller size. Thus, the officers of the Total Abstinence Society of Massachusetts recognize that it is the proximity of Boston which makes prohibition possible in Cambridge, Somerville, and Chelsea. Hence the conclusion follows that local option will not solve the problem of intemperance in cities. In fact, such intemperance is increased in so far as outsiders resort to cities to do their drinking. Englishmen should understand that local option works in this way wherever it is tried, and the authors of this volume justly declare that, in the interests of social reform, an important step will have been taken when the true sphere of local option has been clearly established. They have done well to marshal in a thorough and systematic manner the facts which prove their contention.

The ultimate solution of the problem, according to the view here taken, will be found in the substitution of public for private agency in the sale of drink. Private persons of course desire to extend as widely as possible the sale of the commodities in which they deal. Government officers have no such motive; and it might be practicable for Government to provide the social features which make drinking-saloons attractive by establishing places of entertainment where no drink should be sold, such resorts to be maintained by the profits of the liquor trade. In support of this view the great monopoly values of many licensed taverns in England are dwelt upon, and the experience of Sweden and Norway in attempting to suppress private gain from selling drink is fully explained. No better proof of the honesty of purpose which animates these authors can be asked than the impartiality with which they set forth all the facts concerning these experiments, many of which tell against their favored plan. The subject is too vast to be properly treated here, and we must limit ourselves to praise of a most conscientious and exhaustive study of the lessons which experience affords concerning sumptuary legislation. All who are interested in such studies will find in this book a vast repertory of facts, set forth with lucidity and intelligence.

The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament. By Henry S. Nash, Professor of New Testament Criticism in the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. The Macmillan Co. 1900.

What Professor Nash attempts is not a detailed account of the process and results of the higher criticism of the New Testament, but rather a philosophy of the history of this. He brings to the treatment of his subject a remarkable knowledge of its literature, ancient and modern, but not an equal talent for clear and convincing exposition. An expansive rhetoric does more to obscure than to reveal the outlines of his thought, so that too frequently we see his "men as trees walking," and other objects with like adumbration. We receive the impression of a scholar whose traditional sentiments have survived his traditional opinions. As a consequence, we have much damaged phraseology, and especially too much personification of the Bible as if it were a conscious entity. We read of its resistance to the treatment it received, of its demand for the higher criticism, and so on, where the meaning is, perhaps, sufficiently obvious, but the expression is unfortunate. Thus, we read: "Hither [to the universities] came our Sacred Books, freely exposing themselves to the questions and cross-questions of the free reason. They had entered into a temporary alliance with the mediæval hierarchy. They now chose for themselves interpreters of a different school." From first to last there is a great deal of this "pathetic fallacy," and *pari passu* an assumption of knowledge of God's plans and purposes with reference to the fortunes of the New Testament, as if Professor Nash had been a fourth in "the counsels of the blessed Trinity."

He designates three classes of modern critics, the traditional, the mediating, and the critical, and while he would probably wish to be considered as one of the critical kind, it is with the mediating that he actually belongs. He is not superior to certain prepossessions. The object of criticism is, he declares, to reach at once the truth about the Bible and to give that truth an edifying interpretation. He would fain believe that the Bible of the critics will be "not less helpful, less rich in spiritual suggestion," than the Bible of the traditionalists. With individuals these hopes may be realized, but the Dean of the rival Theological School in Cambridge has but just now written, "As these views of the Bible become popular, we must expect it to lose in popular regard. . . . While the book will mean more to the thoughtful and spiritual, we must expect that the more popular and superficial interest will become less, if it does not entirely pass away." Many would willingly escape from this conclusion, but it is an incident of the higher criticism which those who are sincerest with themselves will recognize as such, regret it as they may.

Professor Nash devotes more than half his space to general considerations and to the history of the Bible antecedent to the dawn of criticism, before entering on a specific account of the critical development. He has no comfort for those of his own sect, and they are many, who have conceived that the New Testament was the creation of the Church. Clearly his affinities are more strongly with the Protestant than with the Roman type of Episcopalian thought. His third chapter, "How Criticism Became Necessary," is an impressive exhibition of the manner in which the New Testament literature was detached from its historical setting and isolated from all other products of the human mind, and how, with the Renaissance and Reformation, that tightening of the hold of tradition which resulted from the evolution of the Papacy was gradually loosened. At this point Professor Nash's predilection for "the pathetic fallacy" attains to one of its most striking exhibitions: "The longer the isolation and prohibition lasted, the more powerfully did the Scripture strain at the cords of Tradition. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, the Bible should break from its keeper." The first fruits of the Reformation, however, were a more stringent doctrine of Scriptural infallibility than had at any previous time prevailed. The Roman Church, as consciously infallible, had no such need of an infallible Bible as Protestantism, which had the Bible only. The part played by the Deists in breaking down the infallibility of the Bible is honored by Professor Nash in a manner and degree that would have been fatal to the ecclesiastical standing of an orthodox scholar half a century ago. Less generous in his disposition, he might easily have claimed that the higher criticism of to-day is a development of scholarship within the lines of the various orthodox communions.

Professor Nash is warm in his appreciation of Semler as the founder of this criticism, rather than Simon, to whom the honor is commonly attributed. His book reaches its point of deepest interest in its treatment of Strauss and Baur, but too much is made in either case of the Hegelian aspect of their thought. So well-instructed a critic as Pfleiderer declares that Baur's New Testament criticism had absolutely nothing to do with his Hegelian philosophy. Later developments are treated with much less elaboration and with a leaning to the more conservative critics, in which the churchman seems to get the better of the scholar. Those refusing the supernatural element in the New Testament are treated habitually as if their refusal were an arbitrary assumption, without regard to such a position as that of Huxley and Arnold, anticipated by Theodore Parker, viz., that, given sufficient evidence, we will accept every miracle in the Bible, not excepting Joshua's dealings with the sun and Jonah's with the whale. Antecedent to experience, one event is as likely as another; but the more contradictory of experience anything reported as fact, the more evidence belief in it requires.

The Autobiography of a Tomboy. By Jeannette L. Gilder. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A most agreeable little book, with agreeably archaic illustrations by Miss Shinn, is Miss Gilder's 'Autobiography of a Tomboy'—fatally so, we should suppose, to what she calls the Tomgirl, but to the race of Tom men and women full of reminiscence and of charm, both personal and historic. There are disadvantages in the autobiographic form: the necessity of being one's own hero throws one into attitudes not always graceful. However great a miscreant a tomboy is made out, not sparing admonition, there will be episodes, in which "the other girls" and the eccentric relatives figure ungenerously, that disconcert the reader. A few experiences, even, might have been omitted entirely. Notwithstanding these exceptions, the book is delightful in its simplicity, originality, and humor, and, if one may say so, in a certain humility inseparable from the finest humor, of which the aggressive absence spoils so many books of children's pranks. There is a whole history of the early sixties in its childish recallings. The tunes the street bands played, the songs and "pieces" of the school exhibitions, the chenille nets the school-girls wore as they bent over their 'Cleveland's Compendium,' lend to the picture a reality ably seconded by the illustrations. The crinolined figures speak loud and clear of the days before the Empress Eugénie was in exile, "weeping and trying on costumes"—

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while she was still planning costumes over whose ugliness others might well weep. But please, Miss Gilder, were children in the early sixties called "kids"? And please, Miss Shinn, was not the boy's "verlosophy" of that period a creature with a chair-seat, and with two handles worked with a fierce energy, that, though lost to sight, has been conserved and transmuted into the brawn of tennis and golf?

Not the least pleasing paragraph in the book is the author's half promise of another which shall relate to Spring Hill and Cousin Mary, the delightful kinswoman who discharged her cook for having meals on time.

The Armies of the World. By Charles S. Jerram. New Amsterdam Book Co. 1900.

The persistence of the military spirit in Christendom, which our country, by compulsion of circumstances, has of late been disposed to share, gives especial interest, for the average student of current history, to the compilation cited above, which, in brief compass, gathers from official and other trustworthy documents the main facts as to the strength and organization of the military forces of the civilized nations, their cost, mode of recruitment, tactics, and supply sources. The details of army structure and management are enlivened by comments upon the political and economic significance of war preparation; upon which points the writer is disposed to dissent from the prevalent humanitarian insistence that the moral and financial burdens of the support of large standing armies, under to-day's conditions, are an intolerable drain upon national resources. He says:

"We do not find that Germany is hindered from advance by exhaustion owing to the numbers of her armies and their support. Some, indeed, suppose that the education received in those armies more than compensates Germany for the burden imposed upon her." "War is horrible to the fighting man, and even to the persons in the immediate neighborhood of the parts in which he is fighting. But history and personal experience show how partial and local are the immediate effects of war. In the Franco-German war, thirty thousand Frenchmen ran away through our town, but they were very quiet, well-behaved fellows, who gave no trouble to anybody. Later on, some thousands of Germans occupied the town, but it scarcely affected the every-day life of the citizen. Had the two forces met in battle in our town, it would have been bad for us, but would not have much troubled our neighbors in the next town, ten miles off."

The writer, by way of illustration of the fact that modern battle-losses between enlightened peoples are likely to be increasingly smaller rather than larger, quotes from the statistics of the German War Department the statement of mortality in the Franco-Prussian war. The total German fatalities among officers and men were 43,101, which is less than Livy reports to have been killed outright at Cannæ, and a little less than four times the number of Mahdists slain by Kitchener at Omdurman, namely, eleven thousand out of fifty thousand, besides sixteen thousand wounded. Mr. Jerram's figures concerning the fatalities in our Cuban war may illustrate the same idea, that lack of intelligence in the conduct of a campaign is the most destructive force of present warfare. The United States troops had 329 killed in action, and 125 died of wounds; but by disease 5,277 were lost.

Year-Books of the Reign of King Edward the Third. Year XVI. (Second Part.) Edited and translated by Luke Owen Pike. London. 1900. Pp. xlvii, 639.

This volume, edited in thorough and scholarly fashion, brings down the translated year-books to the autumn of 1342. Then come two years which, at present, are provided for by the old black-letter volumes, and then a gap of two more years. It is good news that Mr. Pike gives us in his Introduction, when he says that the publication of the reports of all these four years has now been authorized. "The publication of the seventeenth and eighteenth years in the Rolls Series will, it is hoped, put fairly to the test the expediency of re-editing according to modern methods those year-books which have already been printed." No one who is competent to judge, doubts that it would be a great service to our law and to legal history to reëdit and translate the whole set of our printed Year-Books. In some way this must be brought about.

Mr. Pike, in his Introduction, speaks of the reports in the present volume as containing "matter of at least as much importance and interest as their predecessors. They abound with details which illustrate not only their own period, but earlier times also." The editor specifies cases relating to the mode of citation, to lunatics, to the appearance of the Chancellor in different courts, to certain old modes of trial, viz., wager of law and proof by witnesses, and to the early history of the courts. One case is cited as "throwing a new and unexpected light on a long-neglected and almost forgotten class of records," viz., the Kings Rolls of the Court of Common Pleas, kept by an official known as the King's Clerk in the Common Bench, and, apparently, "drawn up independently, and to some extent, perhaps, as a check upon the Roll of the Justices."

Illustration may be found here of the development of pleading in its relation to jury trial. The pleadings are shaped (Trin. Term, No. 33) by the fear that if one were driven to a mere general denial, instead of being allowed to state the circumstances and shape his denial specially, the jury would be misled. In an action of trespass (Trin. Term, No. 73), "the words *contra pacem* were not inserted in the writ, because the trespass was in the time of another king, but the words *vi et armis* are sufficient."

Without quoting other cases more likely to interest professional persons than the ordinary readers of this journal, we will content ourselves with heartily commending this volume to that "fit audience though few," whether students of law, of history, or of language, to whom it makes its appeal.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, G. F. Songs of Modern Greece. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Ade, George. More Fables. H. S. Stone & Co.
Allen, Grant. Paris. 2 vols. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Allen, James Lane. A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath. New ed. Macmillan. $2.50.
Andrews, J. De W. American Law. New ed. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. $6.50.
Annie Russell in A Royal Family. R. H. Russell.
April Baby's Book of Tunes. By the Author of Elizabeth and her German Garden. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bailey, L. H. Botany: An Elementary Text-book for Schools. Macmillan. $1.10.
Banks, C. E. A Child of the Sun. H. S. Stone & Co.
Barbour, R. H. For the Honor of the School. D. Appleton & Co.
Barnes, C. R. The People's Bible Encyclopedia. Eaton & Mains. $3.
Bates, Katharine L. Spanish Highways and Byways. Macmillan. $2.25.
Bell, Mrs. Arthur. Representative Painters of the XIXth Century. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $12.
Bess, E. A. Our Master's Church: A Parable. The Neely Co.
Billinghurst, P. J. A Hundred Anecdotes of Animals. John Lane. $1.50.
Bingham, Clifton. Magic Moments. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Blashfield, Edwin H. and Evangeline W. Italian Cities. 2 vols. Scribners. $4.
Bonehill, R. The Young Bandmaster. The Mershon Co. $1.25.
Boothby, Guy. Long Live the King. H. S. Stone & Co.
Brady, Cyrus Townsend. Reuben James. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Bramah, Ernest. The Wallet of Kai Lung. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Bréal, Michel. Semantics: Studies in the Science of Meaning. H. Holt & Co. $2.50.
Brooke, Emma. The Engrafted Rose. H. S. Stone & Co.
Brown, G. P. Elements of English Grammar. Werner School-Book Co.
Browne, G. W. The Young Gunbearer. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Butterworth, Hezekiah. In the Days of Jefferson. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Carpenter, F. I. Selections from the Poetry of Lord Byron. H. Holt & Co. $1.
Carpenter, A. E. Plain Instructions in Hypnotism and Mesmerism. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 75c.
Caton, Richard. The Temples and Ritual of Asklepios at Epidaurus and Athens. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Chainey, George. The Ten Commandments. Chicago: Stockham Pub. Co. 60c.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Anneke: A Little Dame of New Netherlands. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Channing-Stetson, Grace E. The Fortune of a Day. H. S. Stone & Co.
Chapman, Frederic. Proverbs Improved. John Lane. 75c.
Chatfield-Taylor, H. C. The Idle Born. H. S. Stone & Co.
Clarke, W. N. A Study of Christian Missions. Scribners. $1.25.
Clymer, W. B. S. James Fenimore Cooper. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75c.
Crook, C. LeD. Wintermärchen von Heinrich Seidel. H. Holt & Co.
Curtis, William E. Between the Andes and the Ocean. H. S. Stone & Co.
Daskam, Josephine Dodge. Sister's Vocation, and Other Girls' Stories. Scribners. $1.25.
Del Mar, Alexander. Ancient Britain in the Light of Modern Archæological Discoveries. The Cambridge Encyclopedia Co. $2.
Dilke, Lady. *French Architects and Sculptors of the XVIIIth Century.* London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $11.
Du Bois, Constance G. A Soul in Bronze. H. S. Stone & Co.
Dumas, Jacques. Registering Title to Land. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. $1.50.
Dunbar, P. L. The Love of Landry. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Ewart, J. S. An Exposition of the Principles of Estoppel by Misrepresentation. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. $5.
Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights. (Temple Classics.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Fellows-Johnston, Annie. The Little Colonel's House Party. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Ferrars, Max and Bertha. Burma. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $15.
Fields, James T. Yesterdays with Authors. Illustrated ed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.
Fifty Masterpieces of Anthony Van Dyck. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Finck, Henry T. Songs and Song Writers. [Music Lovers' Library.] Scribners. $1.25.
Finley, Martha. Elsie's Young Folks in Peace and War. Dodd, Mead & Co.
FitzGerald, Edward. Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Doxey's. $5.
Flaubert, Gustave. Salammbô: The Maid of Carthage. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Flint, M. B. A Garden of Simples. Scribners. $1.50.
Flynt, Josiah. Notes of an Itinerant Policeman. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Flynt, Josiah, and Walton, Francis. The Powers that Prey. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
Foote, Mary Hallock. The Prodigal. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Ford, W. C. George Washington. 2 vols. Scribners. $30.
Forsyth, G. A. The Story of the Soldier. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Fox, John, jr. Crittenden. Scribners. $1.25.
Fox, Frances M. Farmer Brown and the Birds. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50 cents.
Glyde, John. Life of Edward FitzGerald. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Goldsmith, Oliver. She Stoops to Conquer. (Drawings by Abbey.) Harpers. $1.50.
Goodwin, C. J. The Rose and the Thorn. The Neely Co.
Gosset, A. L. J. Lullabies and Baby Songs. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Gould, A. W. Mother Nature's Children. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70c.
Greene, Sarah P. McL. Vesty of the Basins. New ed. Harpers.
Gusman, Pierre. Pompeï. (Translated by Florence Simmonds and M. Jourdain.) London: William Heinemann; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $12.50.
Hahn, C. C. In Cloisters Dim. New ed. Omaha: A. L. Stonecypher.
Hardy, E. S. Merry Folk. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Hauvette, Henri. Extraits de Boccace. Paris: Garnier Frères.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. The Scarlet Letter. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Heckethorn, C. W. London Memories: Social, Historical, and Topographical. London: Chatto and Windus; Philadelphia: Lippincott. 6 shillings.

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Henty, G. A. In the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers. Harpers $1.
Hints for Home Reading. Book-Buyer's Guide and Book Record. Charles L. Bowman. $1.25.
Hittell, J. S. Reform or Revolution. San Francisco: J. S. Hittell.
Hodges, George. The Path of Life. Thomas Whittaker. $1.
Holls, Frederick W. The Peace Conference at The Hague. Macmillan. $3.
Holmes, Thomas. Pictures and Problems from London Police Courts. London: Edward Arnold. 10s. 6d.
Horridge, Frank. Lives of Great Italians. London: T. Fisher Unwin; Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.75.
Hotchkiss, Louise S. Their Own Wedding. Boston: George H. Ellis. 75c.
Howells, W. D. Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Harpers. $2.50.
Hughes, Rupert. Contemporary American Composers. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Hutton, W. H. Constantinople. (Mediæval Town Series.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
In Storyland. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
James Lyne's Survey (The Bradford Map). Dodd, Mead & Co.
Jenks, A. E. The Childhood of Ji-shib, the Ojibwa. Madison (Wis.): The American Thresherman.
Jones, Alice I. The Chevalier de St. Denis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Jordan, W. G. The Majesty of Calmness. Fleming H. Revell Co. 30 cents.
Kenys, H. A. Little Lords of Creation. H. S. Stone & Co.
King, Mary P. Comfort and Exercise. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.
Lahee, H. C. Famous Pianists of To-day and Yesterday. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Loney, S. L. The Elements of Hydrostatics. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Lummer, Otto. Contributions to Photographic Optics. Macmillan. $1.90.
Mable, Hamilton Wright. Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Mable, Hamilton Wright. William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man. Macmillan. $6.
MacQuoid, Katharine S. and Gilbert S. In Paris: A Handbook. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50 cents.
Mansford, C. J. Bully, Fag, and Hero. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Marion, Henri. Psychologie de la Femme. Paris: Armand Colin. 3 francs 50c.
Markham, Edwin. The Man with the Hoe. Doxey's. 75c.
Marsh, Richard. Ada Vernham, Actress. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Martin, E. S. Lucid Intervals. Harpers. $1.50.
Martin, Ewan. Dauntless. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Marvin, F. S., Mayor, R. J. C., and Stawell, F. M. The Adventures of Odysseus, Retold in English. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Mathew, John. Eaglehawk and Crow: A Study of the Australian Aborigines. London: David Nutt; New York: New Amsterdam Book Co. $5.50.
Mathews, C. E. Annals of Mont Blanc. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $6.
Matthews, Brander, and Hutton, Laurence. (1) Kean and Booth and their Contemporaries; (2) Macready and Forrest and their Contemporaries. (Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States.) New ed. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Maxwell, W. H., and Smith, G. J. Writing in English. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Maycock, W. P. Electric Wiring Tables. London: Whittaker & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Mayer, Henry. A Trip to Toyland. London: Grant Richards; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.
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